THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY JOHN PUDNEY.

Full twenty years have pass'd and gone
"Since first thy blue eyes saw the light,"
And thou wert then, to look upon,
As angel pure or seraph bright.

Thou wert thy mother's darling boy,
And often to her bosom prest;
And thou wert, too, thy father's joy,
And swell'd with pride his manly breast.

Thy little tongue, in early days,
Was taught to lisp an infant's prayer;
Thy ruby lips, in songs of praise,
So often did thy mother share.

For thee no toy was held too dear,
To please thee for an hour or more;
As thou didst bud, year by year,
More costly things were held in store.

High hopes, in boyhood's fleeting days,
Thy doting parents had for thee,
For thou wert school'd in wisdom's ways,
And worldly evil taught to flee.

And when upon a sick-bed low
Thy youthful form so often laid,
Thy mother watch'd, with aching brow,
And prayed to heaven for aid;

That God would ease thy burning pain,
And snatch thee from an early grave,
And give thee health and strength again,
And train thee up both good and brave.

Hast thy fond mother prayed in vain,
And watch'd o'er thee with sleepless eye?
For thou doth cause her grief and pain,
By thy loud songs of revelry.

Once thou didst love an early bed,
And pass'd thy nights in slumbers sweet;
But now, by vile allurements led,
You in rude orgies nightly meet;

And love to sip the liquid fire
Too often from the tempter's bowl,
Till thou art led, by wild desire,
Beyond thy reason's weak control.

Oh, could I whisper in thine ear,
And warn thee of a certain fate,
And stay thee in thy mad career,
Ere it be said, "it is too late!"

Could I but open wide thine eyes,
And show to thee the map of life—
narrow way that wins the prize—
broader road, that ends in strife.

guide thy wayward feet,
in that narrow way,
time was very fleet—
te in revelry.

dormant soul
once more to think,
uldst dash the bowl,
ends no more to drink.

e dulcet strain,
the paths of vice,
ther's aching brain,
her's heart rejoice.

some potent spell,
hy downward way,
ind friends, that love thee

Who g... to know thou'rt gone astray.

And may this simple lay of mine
Awake thee to a sense of shame,
To see, to feel, to know 'tis thine,
In early life to blast thy name.

Oh, let not close this waning year,
Till, like a prodigal, you come,
No more to start the silent tear,
Nor cloud with grief thy happy home.

Full twenty years have pass'd and gone
"Since first thy blue eyes saw the light."
Oh wert thou now, to look upon,
As pure as on thy natal night.

Springfield, N. J., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE RAINY DAY.

BY A. H. F.

The air is clogged and chill,
And sluggishly throughout the day,
Involved in gloomy gray,
The rain is falling, falling still.

My spirit, too, is chill,
And ever through the sluggish day,
Involved in gloomy gray,
Sad thoughts are thick'ning, thickning still.

Dark visions come and go;
Regrets and fears alternate rise;
My anguished spirit sighs
For one kind heart to soothe its wo.

And yet I may not show
The shiftings of the inward pain
That racks my fev'rish brain;
Some sorrows none but God should know.

Oh, if each heavy grief
And dull regret could banished be,
And boding thought from me,
My spirit would have sweet relief.

E'en while I thus repine,
The sun bursts through the ambient clouds,
And lights the gloom that shrouds
My spirit in its mortal shrine.

A voice of Heaven's employ
Thrills me with words of sweet relief:
"God lines the clouds of grief
With gleamings of immortal joy."

Brunswick, Ill., 1862.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY SYDNEY HOLMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET," "UNSERHEIM," ETC.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

The morning dawned gray and cold. Around the horizon dun-colored clouds hung in threatening masses, pregnant with a brooding storm. Overhead flocks of wild fowls winged their frightened flight to find a place of refuge. Slow, sobbing gusts of wind swept through the forests, heavy with a chilling mist. It was a true November day. Here and there upon the broken country roads around the village of Orth, a lonely traveller plodded his way through the mire, wrapped closely in his warmest over-alls, glancing wistfully up at the angry sky. The farmers, after a knowing survey of the weather, called their hands to in-door work, leaving the cattle snugly housed under their sheds. In the village, the streets wore a Sabbath stillness—for the people of Orth, like the inhabitants of most country villages, ignored all hurry and bustle in life, and gratefully accepted the pretext of a rainy day to close their doors and linger round the firesides. So, as Doctor Mac Fergus passed slowly down the street, buttoning his coat tightly over his breast, his jolly red face shining over the bright-colored neck-tie about his neck, it happened that he found but few idlers with whom to exchange his usual current coin of joke and gossip. The fire-light shone cheerfully from the cottages as he passed along, and he caught glimpses of breakfast groups surrounding the tables—glimpses which made him hurry faster on his way—for the doctor was going to breakfast at La Grange, the farm of John Cadogan, and his memory suggested the very flavor of the savory meal awaiting him. He stopped, however, at the village forge, looking in at the ever-open door and greeting the sturdy blacksmith with a hilloa that overpowered the clang of the anvil.

"Ech! is it you, Doctor?" exclaimed John Saunders, looking up from his work and wiping his forehead.

"My mare, John, my mare. Here is she unshod, and I have to walk, this chilly morning, to La Grange, and then to the widow Alt's, unless Cadogan can provide me with a horse."

"To the wedding?" said the sturdy smith, dropping his pincers and hammer and coming eagerly forward, in hope of a choice crumb of gossip. "A braw wedding ye shall hae, I'm thinking. Ech, Sirs, it's John Cadogan that has the true blood in him, the open heart an' the willin' hand. But the women folk say," he added in a lower tone, coming to the door, "that the bride was troth-plighted to Stephen Fleming, an' that, when he comes home, there'll be rare work. D'ye ken aught o' it?"

"No, John," said the doctor, impatiently, "there was no troth-plight, as you call it, in the matter. Tell your women folks so, and bid them mind their own affairs, and the days will end better to them, as the old proverb says."

"Faith," chuckled the smith, "when Betsey ceases to wag her tongue about her neighbors' business, scant will be her breath and short her shriving. But, between oursells, Doctor, there being no meddling women's tongues near, ye ken that Stephen Fleming did have a heartsome hankering after that oldest bairn o' the widow Alt's, and folks do say that John Cadogan's meadow-lands carried the day over Stephen's bright blue eyes."

The doctor uttered an angry growl.

"What matters it what they say? It is you, John Saunders, and gossiping fools like you, that make many a young heart sore in this world."

"Ye have an ill tongue for the early morning," laughed the Scotchman, good-humoredly. "But it is for Stephen Fleming's sake that I care. Ye'll mind when our baby died the last winter, noo? Ye'll mind how that, when folks found it was the small-pox it had, deil a niggardly soul would come near to help us watch and streak its puir white corpse. But Stephen Fleming. He nursed the puir baby when the breath left it, when I had na strength, and he brought the coffin and bided his time and stole it from the sight of the distracktet mither, and helped me bury it." John's voice broke down here, and he hastily turned away to wipe his face."

"Well?" said the doctor, in a low tone.

"And when," resumed the smith, "owld Oglethorn, the deil receive him, was feared to read the prayers for the dead over it, and said he had a pain in his back, Stephen knelt wi' me, and we said the Lord's prayer, and asked a blessing on the ground where the child's body lay, for its soul was far beyond the reach of our prayers, well we knew that. I hae na forgotten it to Stephen Fleming, and the time will come when I shall show him how weel a canny Scotchman, as folks ca' me, can mind a heartkindness—I hope it may. So ye'll see, Doctor, why I care to know if that lassie is playing him false."

"Do not gossip more of your foolish fancies," said the doctor, testily. "Stephen Fleming cared nothing for Miss Alt; it is but your women's clatter."

"Have it your own way," rejoined Saunders, taking up his tools. "But I hae seen the lovelight in his eye too often, when she rode past on her white pony to the village, not to know."

The doctor turned from the door.

"Well, John, in the meantime, shoe my mare, which is more in the line of your Christian duty than governing Stephen Fleming's love matter. And see that it is done by this evening, for I have to ride across the country to Goodman White's—his old wife is going at last with the dropsy."

"The Lord send her good luck, for she has been long on the road," grumbled the smith, as the doctor passed out on the road. "But the de'il be wi' me, if I had known sooner how near Master Stephen was to home, if I would not hae hurried his progress wi' a bit letter. It's too late the noo' though. T'wa weeks before he can cross the mountains, and the wedding this morn. Weel, John Saunders, ne'er fash yoursel' wi' ither folks' concerns and your bed will be free frae thistles."

And so mumbling to himself, the smith bent over his work again with such renewed vigor, that soon the fitful glare of the forge flashed out into the murky air, and the ringing chime of the anvil echoed far and wide over the dreary moorland. The doctor hurried on down the road, his cheerful face overshadowed with vexation. The smith's gossip had affected him unpleasantly. A thousand trifling incidents, unnoticed at the time, rose to his memory, confirming the story. Yet he struggled in his own mind against the conviction that his favorite, Sarah Alt, had been influenced by mercenary motives. He thought of her in her ordinary mood, not agitated by smothered feeling, as he had seen her the night before, but gentle, simple-hearted, womanly, delighting in homely domestic work—it was impossible, she was not capable of selfishness so abhorrent to her nature. Neither in the widow nor her daughter had he ever traced any love of luxury or ease, and he put away the thought from him as an insult to both John Cadogan and his future wife. It was still early morning—faint streaks of rose-color began to dawn through the rainy sky, but were soon extinguished. The doctor quickened his steps, clapping his hands as he went, to keep out the damp cold. Down from the village street into the broad turnpike, past broad fields of stubble covered with the low, rolling mist, then out into a narrow country road, that wound away in the distance through the hills, he passed, humming some old ditty to himself, and speculating, as he went, upon the crops of the different farms which he passed, upon some troublesome cases of scarlet fever or measles, and now and then upon the wedding he was going to.

"It's good luck that the old woman put my gaiters in my pocket," he said, looking down at his muddy shoes and splashed leggings, "or a sorry sight I'd make. Another mile to La Grange. De'il take John Saunders and the mare." And so grumbling he trudged along.

But at last the outskirts of John Cadogan's farm began to appear. The doctor's practiced eye swept along the neat fences, the carefully-tilled ground, running back from the road in broad fields on either side, and dotted with heavy pieces of woodland.

"For all his open hand, John Cadogan's the canniest farmer in this country," he muttered. "That wheat crop last summer should have brought him in, let's see how much? Twenty acres more than Phil Storr's—is—" and he began counting on his fingers. "Luck follows the boy, as it ought, for none deserve it better. Hilloa, Mr. Thorpe!" he cried, catching sight of the clergyman in one of the fields. "You have not forgot the farming trade yet, I see; turning up the ground with your cane to try what it's worth."

"Cadogan's land is good," said the clergyman, stepping over the low worm-fence and joining the doctor on the road. "I have been up for an hour, and ran off from the house to get rid of the clatter of women's tongues and look around the farm. John follows the new style of tillage. I see."

"Yes, and it pays well—he nearly doubled his income last year."

"What is the amount of the settlement which he has made upon his wife?" asked the clergyman.

The doctor looked up, surprised. "None, that I have heard," he said.

"You are mistaken," said Mr. Thorpe, striking the thistle heads off with his cane as he walked along. "Pratt, the lawyer is up at La Grange this morning, and he told me that Cadogan had set aside a part of his property for her sole and uncontrolled use, reserving to himself no right of authority over it. He did not state the value of the settlement, and I felt a little curious to know it."

The doctor did not speak for a few moments.

"Did Miss Alt know of this?" he asked.

"Yes, so Pratt says. The papers were signed at her house. She seemed to feel his kindness in a singular manner, Pratt remarked, one moment urging him not to persist in doing it, the next consenting, as if unwillingly. Pratt thought she was influenced by some one else to take it."

The old doctor looked annoyed as he caught sight of a triumphant smile upon the clergyman's lips.

"It is all right," he said. "A very common thing, and a sensible arrangement, to which no woman should object."

Mr. Thorpe did not directly answer.

"Cadogan tells me," he said, after a pause, "that young Fleming will be at home after a week or two. He is almost tempted to wish he had waited to have him present at the wedding. They were chums since boyhood, I believe."

"Yes," said the doctor, abstractedly. "In two weeks, did you say? Here we are at the house at last, and my legs are glad of it."

They had reached the top of the hill and approached a large gate, across a carriage-way leading up to the house. On either side was a double row of old forest trees, while beyond the ground sloped downwards, into gardens, orchards and pleasure grounds. The house itself was of stone, large, square and roomy, shaded by heavy branching elms. Over the whole place reigned an indescribable air of comfort and solid, substantial wealth. The hall door was standing hospitably open, two or three old-fashioned carriages stood waiting for occupants upon the lawn, while from the house itself came a noise of bustle and excitement. Here and there a female head appeared flitting behind a window, plying some housewifely art, in that state of agitation which a wedding never fails to produce among women-kind.

"You're late, gentlemen," called out the cheery voice of the dapper little lawyer Pratt, appearing in the hall, in a gala dress of blue and brass buttons, his hair rejoicing in an extra polish of oil. "Breakfast waits."

The doctor bounded up the steps with more agility than his burly proportions promised.

"Up to time," he exclaimed, glancing at his watch and hurrying to the breakfast-room door, from whence a savory smell of coffee and oysters issued. "Not too late for a kiss from Miss Jeanie," he exclaimed, coming quickly up behind a rosy, plump little maiden of fifteen, who was bustling about with all a housekeeper's importance, superintending the placing of the dishes on the table.

"Don't torment me, Doctor, this morning, I'm too busy," she said, with a grave, matronly air. "It is nearly seven o'clock, and I must dress after breakfast, for you may be sure brother will not wait on me to-day," and her black eyes twinkled mischievously.

"And how do you like the thoughts of giving up the keys to this new sister-in-law?" asked the doctor, patting the stately little head, with its curls lightly bound up in a comb.

"I hope I will do my duty to John's wife," she replied, with a solemnity that seemed to amuse the old man beyond measure.

"John's wife is coming into a warm nest," he said, half aloud, glancing around at the room in which he stood. It was large and well-lighted, furnished with the rich, plain simplicity that marked the whole appointments of the house. A bright wood fire crackled cheerfully in the open fire-place; the table smoked with the substantial meats and hot bread which a Pennsylvania farmer deems essential to a breakfast. The two or three odd pieces of silver, heirlooms in the family, were displayed conspicuously, polished to the last degree of shining by the little fat fingers of Jeanie herself. One or two women were hurrying in and out from the kitchen, under the superintendence of old, black Dinah, who, with folded arms and face shining under the gorgeous Madras handkerchief surmounting her head, took a last look at the fruit of her cooking labors before the guests were summoned.

"Now, that will do, Dinah!" said Jeanie, impatiently. "Tell my brother that breakfast is served."

The old woman tossed her head. "Allers the way with young folks. Don't you trubble yer head, Miss Jeanie—I haven't served in this family, slave and free, for twenty years, not to know when a table's laid proper and right. It's well that I'll have the house to myself till night, that the weddin' supper can be fixed as it ought."

Then, catching a glimpse of the guests entering the door, she bustled with a greater show of authority than before, and left the room.

John Cadogan came in, his ruddy face beaming with smiles, followed by the lawyer, Mr. Thorpe, and one or two other of the neighboring farmers, attired in their best suits and with a certain air of importance on their faces, assumed in honor of the occasion.

The doctor took his seat by the little girl, who for the past two years had held the nominal position of head of her brother's household.

"I am glad that John is going to marry Sarah Alt," she whispered confidentially to the doctor. "She is a good girl."

He smiled at the patronizing manner in which the consent was given.

"You have everything ready for her?" he asked.

Her eyes sparkled with a true housekeeper's ardor. "A grand cleaning we have had," she exclaimed. "I never knew John patient in cleaning time before. All the walls re-hung with paper, and I saw to arranging all the linen and store-presses myself. Everything was finished last night, to the hanging of the last curtain. And such a silk as John gave me! It will stand alone. Do not laugh at me, I will show it to you, on me, in a little while."

So the little girl ran on with her childish prattle, while the doctor gradually relapsed into silence. Such a genial glow overspread the apartment, such a homely warmth of comfort and content, from the beaming, handsome face of the master of the house to the dancing fire-light flashing coquettishly in every corner, that the old man felt the light and warmth penetrate to his heart. Yet, with all he was conscious of a shadow which he could not shake off. It might have been a remembrance of another wedding morning long ago, when his hair was as black and his heart as light as that of the young man whose clear, joyous laugh rang through the apartment. It might have been the remembrance of other mornings that came after that, mornings of bitter repining and unavailing regret, for a wife taken from his side, a wife whose heart he had wrung with pain for years. But that was atoned for now, if years of remorse could atone. So, with a sadder, graver smile, the old doctor turned again to listen to his laughing companion.

"Did you know, Mr. Thorpe," said the cheery voice of John Cadogan, "that Stephen Fleming is on his way home? I wish," he added, heartily, "he were here now."

"Do you?" said the clergyman, drily.

"Stephen coming, oh, brother!" exclaimed Jeanie, clapping her hands. "Do you think he will remember the bird he promised me?"

"Stephen never forgot a promise to a friend," said her brother.

"Or to a foe," added one of the young farmers, in a low tone.

Cadogan turned angrily around. "He has no foes, Philip Storrs, none at least at this table. He is my foster-brother, as you know, perhaps." And checking thus promptly the covert sneer upon the other's face, he turned to address the doctor on some other subject.

"They may langh who win," muttered Storrs.

"What do you mean?" said Cadogan, quickly. "Of whom do you speak?"

"It is nothing, John," interposed the doctor, hastily. "Philip has a trick of idle jesting."

"The idlest jest must mean something," rejoined Cadogan, "and I have heard a hint of this before. Speak out, Philip—you mean nothing unkindly, or nothing which I cannot explain."

"Only this, John, that rumor says you and Stephen were rivals, and that you are the successful suitor."

"Rumor lies, then," said the young man, boldly. "Stephen Fleming never was aught to Miss Alt other than a kind friend. If I once thought he had been, if for a moment I had suspected that I was coming in his way, or thwarting the slightest wish of his heart, dearly as I loved that girl, I would sooner have cut off this right hand than have stretched it out to her as a lover." His voice trembled with it eagerness. "You believe me, Philip Storrs Surely, John Cadogan is not sunk so low in the eyes of any man that they should suspect him of meanly supplanting his friend in his absence and stealing away the affections of the girl he loved." He rose as he spoke, and glanced hotly round the table.

"Sit down, boy, you forget yourself," said Mr. Thorpe. "No one here doubts your honor or that of Stephen Fleming. Your temper is too fiery. Miss Alt will tame it for you."

Cadogan laughed—the temporary cloud of anger passed lightly away.

"Let us drink to the health of the bride," said the doctor, filling his glass, and then be off and away."

"Let us drink first, interposed Cadogan, gravely, "to the health of her best friend and mine—the brother who shared my cradle, whose kindness has never failed me, who, if my will were his, should share my home—Stephen Fleming. I say this lest there should rest upon your minds the shadow of a doubt upon our relations one to another. God knows, when I pronounce this rumor to be a lie, I speak the truth, as well as I know it, before Him."

They drank the toast heartily. John Cadogan's eye glanced quickly from one face to the other, but finding a smile of assent on each, remained contented. The party broke up soon after, and after a few moments' preparation mounted their horses and carriages and set off through the drizzling mist to the wedding. The doctor, with Jeanie glistening in her spotless silken robe beside him, bowled along the road, lost in thought in the midst of her merry chatter.

CHAPTER IV.

With the early dawn, Agatha began her work. For much was to be done, and the grave, silent, sickly girl had in some way become the mainspring of the home machinery. On this morning her slight, bowed form, in its coarse dress of dark cloth, flitted noiselessly from room to room, leaving on all she touched a trace of neatness and taste. Mrs. Alt's face wore an unusual smile. The old lady dearly loved a bustle in which she could hold a little brief authority, and in her meek way she played the part of mistress of ceremonies to her corps of assistants (consisting of old Jeptha, the cook, and two women employed for the occasion,) with no small effect. Seen by daylight, the house showed more traces of its age and the straitened circumstances of its inmates than the night before. It was, as we before have said, a large, irregular building, of gray stone, overrun with the wild vine which in autumn turns into a blood-red crimson. Over the unused gables of the house (of which there were two) this vine clung in rank luxuriance, covering doors and windows so as almost to completely obscure them. The house stood alone, the nearest dwelling, that of the blacksmith Saunders, being distant more than a mile. A broad pasture land, on which grazed the widow's cow, sloped from it on all sides, dotted with clumps of forest trees, down to the edge of a thick forest, which almost completely shut it in. The house within was built in the massive style of the past century, with deeply-carved oaken panels, and windows running far into recesses. In the furnishing it differed widely from that of the house at La Grange, in the evident attempt to conceal a too evident poverty. Yet, this morning, the bright fires blazing on every hearth, the warm curtains hung by Agatha's busy hands, the white vases scattered in every corner filled with autumn flowers, from the scarlet dahlia to the purple and crimson Marguerites, gave a fresh, brilliant coloring to the bare apartments.

The morning grew slowly brighter, though still the dull fog filled the air, the heavy vapor clouds trailed along the horizon. Sarah Alt slept long and deeply. When, at last, the finishing stroke was given to the preparations, when the great frosted pyramid cake, the crowning glory of the table, was placed in its centre and trimmed with drooping wreaths of delicate white blossoms, Agatha entered her sister's room and wakened her with a timid kiss.

"Sarah," she said, "it is your wedding morning."

The young girl opened her eyes, clear and full of consciousness, and looked steadily up. "Leave me alone for an hour, and then I shall be ready," she said, quietly.

Agatha turned away, carefully avoiding to glance at her face, and left the room. Let her be left alone in this last hour of her great life struggle.

There is no time so blank, so void of all hope or comfort, when the soul is bowed beneath some heavy sorrow, as that first waking hour. When the sun, whose joyous beams startle a thousand hearts into bright, hopeful life and action brings to us no purpose to accomplish, no trace of pleasure to await. Nothing but a long day, a long life of monotonous pain, nothing but the "weight of this weary, unintelligible world" upon our heart and brain. "Only to sleep," the tired, tortured soul cries weakly, "only to sleep forever." But it cannot sleep, though it seek for death as for hidden treasures, it must go out to act its trifling common part in the ordinary routine of the world's work. So let this young, weak girl be left alone in this hour at least.

Agatha passed down into the lower hall. Two hours were yet to elapse before the expected arrival of the guests. In the hall she was met by old Jeptha. In western Pennsylvania there yet linger many relics of the days of slavery like this old, faithful servant. White headed old negroes, most of them ashamed to acknowledge that the emancipation law had ever conferred on them any benefit, imitating not unsuccessfully the manners of the whites, yet strangely preserving the sense of fealty and devotion to the families to whom they originally belonged. One of this class was old Jeptha. A silent, gloomy old woman, before whose vivid mental vision the tableau of the judgment day seemed ever present, vouchsafing no apparent interest in any worldly business, but in reality bound to the fortunes of the Alt family with the devotion and fierce, tenacious affection of a watch-dog. She had been Mrs. Alt's waiting maid when, a young, bonnie bride, she left her father's house, and had returned with her when she came again, old, and faded, and poor, with her two children, forgotten by all her former friends, to Orth. Since then the old grayheaded black woman had been steward, farm-hand, cook and seamstress, working day after day in a silence which seemed sullen, but which never expressed itself in anger. Mrs. Alt and Sarah she seemed to regard with illy-concealed scorn; towards Agatha her demeanor, though as wanting in respect as with the others, was touched with a strange tenderness. What was the tie that drew the stern old negro and the poor, deformed girl together, would be hard to define, yet from old Jeptha came the only words of real kindness which the child, for she was little more, had ever received, and often, during the long winter evenings, she left the brightly-lighted sitting-room, where her presence seemed an irritating restraint upon her mother and sister, and stole down to the stone kitchen, and drawing a low cricket to the side of the fire, listened to the old woman's wild, horrible stories, like any simple child. Why it was that Mrs. Alt and her eldest daughter, women of natural gentle and kindly feeling, should have regarded the poor, deformed child with such ill-feigned tolerance, such an evident constant pain, no one could tell. She, too simple in her nature to think it unnatural, was conscious of it in its full bitterness, received it as the right, just consequence of her misfortune, never, by word or look, uttering complaint or reproach. Something she had dimly heard lingered in her mind as a conviction that another cause than even her deformity could be given for their dislike—that some terrible circumstances connected with her birth made her but a relic of pain, a constant reminder of a past disgrace and shame. So, with this heavy consciousness resting upon her, Agatha grew up from childhood into early womanhood, quiet in her motions, strangely silent, not a bright or quick girl, caring nothing for books or the world without, simply content to plod on through her daily tasks for others. What capacity for happiness lay beneath the grave, gentle sadness; whether her childish heart had not sometimes ached for childhood's natural fun and frolic, whether the wistful brown eyes had never shed salt tears at the far-distant sounds of laughter and singing, no one ever cared to know. Or now, when with woman's years had doubtless come woman's wants, none ever dreamt that the solitary girl's heart might be thirsting, dying for words of kindly, cheerful greeting, from mother or friend. If it were so, no glance or word told the story. Her soft, light footfall passed noiselessly on its accustomed path of homely duties, so noiselessly that had it ceased altogether and forever it would scarcely have been missed. Only the dull, smouldering eyes of the old negro used to follow her sometimes with a strange, pitiful glance. That was all. She met her now as she descended the stairs, motioning her to a closed door.

"You are wanted," she said, shortly. "Mass' Robert has come."

Agatha entered the room. It was a small apartment, used as store-room. Its bare floor was scrupulously white; boxes and papers of herbs were ranged symmetrically upon the shelves, the faint aroma of spices mingled with the perfume of the flowers, which the damp air brought in at the open window. Beside the empty fire-place, filled with the feathery green branches of the wild fir-tree, dotted with its crimson berries, stood a short, thick-set man, dressed in gray, his back towards the door.

"Agatha?" he questioned, as the girl entered, without turning his head.

"Yes, cousin Robert." She remained standing, motionless, without advancing farther into the room.

Robert Gaunt (for it was her mother's nephew) was reading a letter, which he finished, and then slowly folding it up, said, still without looking at her:

"Where is your sister?"

"She is in her own chamber, dressing. You know, cousin Robert, this morning is—"

"Yes," he interrupted her, gruffly, "I know. Tell her I want to see her. To come to me."

Agatha turned to the door, her color rose, she hesitated.

"She will not come to you, cousin Robert," she said, gently.

A curious smile flitted over the dark, stern face of the man, who stood looking out of the window, carefully avoiding turning towards her.

"She will not come?" he repeated, slowly dropping the words, one by one. "Why, little one?"

Agatha did not answer. She locked her slight fingers and twisted them nervously together, as she always did when compelled to sustain a long conversation. He did not look at her still, despite the awkward silence, but stood quietly looking out of the window, with the same odd smile lurking in his face.

"She will not come," he said, at length, "because she does not like me. Because, little girl, she knows I understand her. Is that what you want to say?"

No answer still.

"Or because she has the Gaunt blood in her veins as well as I, and will not be bidden come and go at any man's pleasure? Well, tell her to come, and give her this, and she will obey you."

He tore off the envelope of the letter he had read, and, throwing it on the floor, resumed his close observation of the dreary sky without. Agatha took it up, and quietly left the room. A quarter of an hour passed in silence. Robert Gaunt paced the floor slowly, lost in thought. There was no likeness between his face and that of the Alt family, though, as he had said, the same blood ran in their veins. Their delicately-moulded features, unsteady eyes and crimson lips told of pliable, yielding temperaments; in his face a dominant, inflexible will had stamped its signature in the massive jaw, the broad, low forehead, the cool, blue eye. A face that promised undeviating strength in pursuit of good or evil—a silent, resistless force of character that would make all things bend to it.

Now and then he glanced at his watch and then resumed his silent walk. At last the door opened and Sarah Alt entered. She was dressed in her bridal robes, a soft, light dress of gauzy white. Her dark hair bound in a heavy braided coronet around her head, was half-covered with the airy veil that fell to her feet behind. Delicate wax-white blossoms fastened it, and looped up her skirt. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes lit with unusual brilliancy. Sarah Alt had never looked so nearly beautiful as now. Her cousin paused in his walk and critically surveyed her. He smiled with pleased admiration. Few men are stoical enough not to see and value beauty in a woman.

"You look well, cousin, on this, your wedding morning," he said, a slight touch of irony in his tone.

She bowed slightly, her eyes still fixed on the torn envelope which she held in her hand.

"Have you no word of welcome for me?" he asked, with the same sarcastic smile. "Surely a three months' absence deserves a greeting."

She came forward, holding out her hand.

"Forgive me, cousin Robert—you are welcome." He bowed over the cold hand with as formal a courtesy.

"You have been successful, I hear?" she asked, still striving to use a quiet, friendly manner.

"I have been successful."

He placed a chair for her, and stood quietly facing her, attentive for her next word. She met his keen eye for an instant, then hers fell, and rested as before on the envelope. She grew paler, and put her hand with a weak, unsteady motion to her forehead.

"You are not well," he said, "the scent of these herbs and spices overpowers you. He turned to a cupboard, and opening the door, took down a flask of wine, and poured out a glass full. "Drink this," he said, holding it to her lips. "I should not have sent for you to come into this sanctum of Aunt Jeptha's, but it is so pure and clean that I used to lounge here when I was a boy."

He turned away as he said this, as if to give her time to recover her composure. She succeeded soon.

"Where will you go, now that you have received the appointment?" she asked, in a quiet, careless tone.

"To Florida."

Again there was a pause. She had not been conscious of his answers when he spoke, did not even seem to hear them. Whatever was the subject which both feared to broach, it was all of which her mind seemed conscious. He broke the silence at last, as if determined to begin the skirmish, if such it was to be.

"I am fortunate to have returned in time to proffer my congratulations."

She bowed, calming the spasmodic movement of her lips with sudden force.

"A marriage that demands peculiar congratulations," he resumed, with the same mockery in his tone, "inasmuch as it includes everything which can give happiness. On your side a fresh, devoted love to the object of your choice—on his, a fat estate to bestow upon you. Few marriages contain so essential elements of prosperity." She did not answer the taunt, as he evidently expected. Some hidden thought gave her courage of endurance. "John Cadogan's yearly income is large. You probably know its value?" he asked.

She looked up now in his face with a strange, fearless innocence. "I do know it."

He looked surprised at her daring avowal of the mercenary motives which he had expected her indignantly to deny, and paused a moment before resuming his questions.

"The settlement, also, I understand, which he has made on you is liberal. I have heard of it in the village, before coming here."

"It is large," she replied, as quietly as before. Looking up in his face, she continued: "John Cadogan is most liberal. If he were not so, I would not have married him."

Her cousin's face grew but a shade more sarcastic in its expression, though a startled look of surprise at her boldness had flashed over it. He was silent, and seemed to await her next words curiously.

"Let us speak plainly, cousin Robert. I know all that you would say to me as the friend of Stephen Fleming. This letter is from him to you?" There was no tremor in her low, clear tone now. He bowed assent, still watching her steadily. "He writes to you of what? Why do you disturb me at this moment with the mention of him? Only to taunt me with what you deem my treachery to him, and to—God?"

"Not to taunt you, Sarah. Simply to ask an explanation."

"What right have you to ask it? That of your former kindness to me?" She laughed bitterly. He came nearer to her, and leaned with folded arms against the wooden closet, looking still into her pale, resolute face.

"The right of curiosity on my own part, and the wish to satisfy Stephen Fleming when he returns."

"When will that be?"

"In two weeks."

The pain in the girl's sick heart seemed for an instant to overcome her stubborn resolve. She tried to speak, but the words died away inaudibly on her dry lips, and she sat silent, motionless; only her tearless, burning eyes were fixed on Robert Gaunt's face, as though with that silent glance she would have told that other whom she wronged the story of all the fierce battles she had struggled through alone.

"In two weeks," he repeated. "Sarah," leaning anxiously forward, "is that too late?"

There was no reply—she rose with a sudden effort, and began to adjust the wreaths of flowers that festooned her dress.

"If I remain here," she said, "I shall bear away the spicy flavors of all Aunt Jeptha's cinnamon and coffee. I must go. I am glad, cousin Robert, that you came in time for our wedding. John Cadogan, I know, is one of the few men whom you deem honest and true. You ought to be glad to be here to congratulate him on this morning." She smiled carelessly. He caught and echoed her light manner.

"The veil covers your head too much—you have not an artistic eye, Sarah. Certainly, I shall go and doff my 'suit of hodden gray' and appear in full gala dress in the drawing-room. There, that looks better, your face is not shadowed so much. It is an honest face, Sarah, as honest as John Cadogan's."

She had turned to allow him to adjust her veil; she looked up in quick astonishment.

"You think it honest?" she demanded, in doubtful wonder.

"Yes," he answered, "not a high-toned face, nor a poetic one, but honest. Whatever muddy slough you may pass through in these your bridal robes, I do you the credit to believe that you have been driven there—have not sought it of your own free choice."

Her eyes filled with grateful tears. "I thank you, cousin Robert," she simply said, and turning away, opened the door.

He resumed his post by the window and his observation of the gray drizzling sky without, heeding her no longer. She left the room, and half closed the door. Then paused irresolutely, her hand upon the latch. The moments passed slowly; the old wooden clock in the hall ticked audibly in the silence of the house; Robert Gaunt stood silently at the open lattice, the damp air lifting his hair from his forehead. He could not but know that she stood there, uncertain, doubtful, yet no movement of his eye gave evidence of his consciousness of her presence. So she stood hesitating. A coming footstep seemed to startle her into determination. She entered, closed the door and came towards him. He did not move. Catching him by the arm, she drew him round facing her. Looked up in his immovable face with eager haste.

"Does Stephen Fleming know of this?" she demanded.

"No; his letter simply announced his return."

"Tell him this, then, Robert Gaunt, that I say to you. I trust you, though I know you feel for me contempt and scorn—have felt it always. I trust you because you are true, and clear-sighted. You will know and believe that I speak the truth before God, when I say what no other human being would believe. You will believe me?"

"I will believe you," he quietly replied, his cold blue eye fixed on her burning, impassioned face.

"Go to Stephen Fleming, then—tell him that Sarah Alt, the girl whom he loved, in whose truth, in whose religion he placed a deeper trust than he did in the angels of Heaven, has sold herself for money—has been bought by John Cadogan's broad acres. Tell him that she alone was in fault—that his friend and foster-brother never knew that he was crossing his path, never knew that the heart of the girl he marries to-day is not true to him. I did it—I did it," she repeated, in a husky, eager whisper. "Tell him it is my sin—mine alone—I have been bought with a price." She stopped to gather strength. No trace of pity or scorn crossed the face of her listener. He stood in passive silence. "And tell him this, Robert Gaunt, I could swear it to you if I would, but he will know it is true—tell him that, night and day, I have been true to him, that in this hour in which I give my hand to another, as well as in every other, my heart is his. That when he meets me as John Cadogan's wife, when he sees my cold face and distant courtesy, he may know that I would rather be the slave that waits behind his chair than wear the crown of a kingdom. Tell him to trust me, to believe in me to the last—to the last. Tell him that I never have been false, and for him to be true—that there will come some time a day when this will be made clear—that then he shall look into my heart as God looks into it now, and know that my motive has been pure. Give him this," and she drew from her finger a plain hair ring. "He gave it to me a year ago. When he returned, the hand that wore it was to be his. That is all over now."

Still, without a word, Robert Gaunt took the ring, and, opening the door, motioned her to pass out.

"You have said enough," he said, quietly, "more than I deem it right or fitting to repeat to Stephen Fleming. You have spoken the truth. But let the web remain tangled until God's own fingers shall make it plain."

For one moment she stood by the window, her head leaning against the pine casement, the veil crushed and wet by the clinging branches of a vine that thrust itself into the room. One moment only, of weak looking back to what might have been. Robert Gaunt resumed his slow, pacing walk through the room. He had forgotten her and her message, for his face wore the cold, abstracted air of a man whose thoughts were busy with distant scenes. The temporary interest he had felt in her had evidently vanished with the moment. She turned and looked at him. Although personally the man was nothing to her, or, if anything, a subject of dislike, yet she had just permitted his cool eye to read the most hidden depths of her heart, and now his unconsciousness of her very presence, his utter indifference, jarred upon her like a sharp sting. Not that she cared for Robert Gaunt, but Robert Gaunt became to her a type of the hard, stern world that passed by her and her self-martyrdom with cold, unconscious gaze. The rain fell slowly, drop by drop, upon the window-glass. Robert's firm, heavy footsteps kept time to the ticking of the clock; she counted them both mechanically. She listened to a far-off, rumbling sound, drawing each moment nearer. It was the approaching carriages that brought the wedding guests. They stopped before the house; she could hear the hum of welcome, the cheery voices, the light steps of young girls and the deep voices of the men, as they sought their different apartments. Yet still she stood motionless, watching the great, trickling rain-drops, counting the monotonous ring of Gaunt's footsteps; conscious only that she stood alone, that God had required of her a sacrifice, that she had made it, and that now there was no pitying eye in Heaven to watch her weak heart beating its way to death, that the great world, unheeding, passed coldly by. Conscious, too, in a strangely vivid way, of the scene around her—of the coarse, clean room in which she stood—the dreary rain—the damp, heavy spice fragrance—conscious, without realizing that she knew. Yet, for years afterwards, the smell of spices always brought to her a sudden, deathly faintness, a relic of that blank, dreary hour.

At length Robert Gaunt caught sight of her with a sudden recollection.

"Sarah, you ought not to be here," he said, gravely. "Whatever is right for you to do, that do at once."

He did not stop in his slow walk. She gave no answer, only quietly disentangled her veil, and,

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, November 5, 1862.

GARIBALDI AND NAPOLEON.

An effort has been made in Europe to represent Garibaldi as disloyal and impracticable. He made a war, it is said, first of all to establish Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy, and then he makes war upon him when he stands in the way of carrying out all the liberal pueposes Garibaldi sees fit to project. But it is now proved, and has long been well known, that Victor Emmanuel's Government, though from motives of policy disavowing the movements of Garibaldi at first, secretly connived at them all the time, and while Count Cavour was alive, contrived by this means to save the French alliance and yet reap all the benefit of Garibaldi's armed movements. Nor is there any reason to doubt that the same system was continued in regard to the late movements upon Rome. Up to a certain point Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel's Government understood each other perfectly. No doubt the first chief cause of the misunderstanding subsequently was that the French Emperor saw clearly that he had been duped the first time, and he had no mind to be duped again. He therefore sent the Prince Napoleon privately to assure Victor Emmanuel that if he would in good faith put down Garibaldi, the French would withdraw of themselves from Rome, and leave it to fall, as it unquestionably would in that case, into the hands of the King of Italy. Upon receipt of this, and through the influence of his son-in-law, Victor Emmanuel sent a *sincere* message to Garibaldi, warning him to desist. But this Garibaldi either did not believe to be sincere, or believihg well knew that if he chose to run the risk of disobeying orders, and could win Rome for the King of Italy, he would not object to receive it and overlook the means by which it was acquired. He probably felt, too, that he had gone too far to retract with honor. The first error was the greatest. It would have been wisest and best for him never to have committed himself to such a cause for a monarch who was openly professing one thing to France and secretly inclined to an opposite course, the support of himself. Such policy was dishonorable and treacherous on the part of the Italian King to his French ally, and now the Emperor Napoleon has repaid him in his own coin. He has broken his word. Garibaldi is put down, shot by Victor Emmanuel's own troops, but Rome is not given up to the King of Italy and is not likely to be. Of course it is a case of *two* dishonorable monarchs playing a deep game of outwitting each other. Victor Emmanuel beat the first time, Napoleon has duped him the second, and has caused him to quarrel with some of the best and bravest of his subjects, and lef t him without his promised reward.

So far as Victor Emmanuel is concerned, it perhaps serves him right. It is unworthy of monarchs and governments in the nineteenth century to be making use of duplicity to gain even just and lawful objects. One of the bravest leaders in Europe has fallen and a kingdom has become divided against itself, as the result of it. Still, there are many apologies for this overambitious King of Italy. He owed a debt of gratitude to Louis Napoleon, and, therefore, did not want to quarrsl with him, while yet the people of his kingdom were anxious to annex, or rather include, Rome, and Rome was anxious to be included. Moreover, France is powerf ul, and her Emperor was in unjust possession of Rome, against the wishes and protestations of nearly the whole world. It was a slight fraud attempting to match an unscrupulous abuse of power. Louis Napoleon is, therefore, the chief criminal, and is pretty thoroughly exposed as such by the English press. He entered Rome under pretext of supporting the Pope, and has contrived to remain master of the situation ever since. It has cost France a pretty penny, has not made the Pope the friend of Napoleon nor given the French nation the slightest advantage in any way. But Napoleon wishes not to yield it up to the Italians without some equivaleut, if, indeed, it be surrendered at all. He has paid his friend and ally, Victor Emmanuel, very munificently for his support in the Crimea; but it has rather been by accident than by design that Italy has become so formidable a kingdom, and Louis Napoleon clearly desires to diminish its power and enlarge his own. Had Victor Emmanuel been open and earnest, had he told Louis Napoleon frankly that the people of Rome wished him to be their king, that all Italy desired that it should be so, and that he could and would do nothing to repress this desire, the French army would probably have retired long ago. As it is, the brave Garibaldi, used and misused by these political intrigues, will, we hope, should he return to the country of his adopted citizenship, never find any such vile intrigues to undermine him here. These tricks of diplomacy may and do undermine and overthrow generals, dynasties, and the nations that use them, but it is truth alone that has the power to *build up* any system permanently.

Mr. Buckle thinks that it is intellect and not moral principle upon which the welfare of nations chiefly depends. But this is a destructive mistake. In proportion, the magnitude of the social fabric forms the moral principles, especially the truth and justice upon which all its arrangements are conducted require to be perfect. The same principles which are most necessary for individual honor and welfare are only a thousand times more essential in the government of a State.

ENGLISH VIEWS OF SERMONS.

Blackwood's Magazine for August, has caught up the Englishman's delightful work of grumbling, and applied it to hearing sermons, declaring it a great hardship that people cannot be allowed to worship in the Christian congregation without being compelled to listen to the sermon of some one who may not be very clear as an intellectual guide in matters of religion, though a very pious and worthy man.

It is very clear that a good deal of this complaint originates in the fact that the people have so little to do with the choice of their own ministers in any Established Church; ministers being appointed to livings through family influence, through purchase, and all other ways, without any choice of the parishes in which they labor. Nor have even the bishops any power sufficient to prevent unsuitable persons from being forced on unwilling congregations for life, so long as they have gone through certain courses of study at the University, and obtained certain degrees and certificates of a regularly pursued education. The writer of this article complains, therefore, that, "as a class," they have been over and over again proved to be "incapable of bestowing" the instruction they insist on giving. "Incapable as a class—just as any other class of men, taken broadly from the general race are certain to be found incapable, however carefully trained to it, for the duties of the pulpit."

But it is worth thinking about now, for sermons may seem uninteresting to ministers that are the most interesting to the people. Men professionally trained are often the severest and the worst critics on the teachings of others. Because the truths that seem common place to them, are new and need to be reiterated to those who have not made such subjects a lifetime professional study.

One thing is certain that in most Protestant and even Catholic countries, it is the sermon that excites the most interest that draws together the largest congregations. May be this is wrong, but it is a fact. Almost every religious denomination has its devotional meetings, in which instruction is not attempted systematically. But it is not always found easy to secure a large attendance of worshippers, and, in Catholic countries even, this is found to be the case.

The writer of this article is clearly a clergyman of the Established Church, and the above, so far as true, only shows the results of a legal establishment, in which "men, taken broadly from the general race," are trained, and then supported by law to teach congregations, without their choice. There is no class of ministers whose sermons are more uniformly influential and judicious, in this country, than those of the denomination against whose preachers in England this is written. So far as this is true, then, the best remedy would be to let each parish select a minister who could preach discourses that would interest them.

No doubt, however, the most devout and intelligent worshippers in almost all congregations do find a very great vacancy, a something wanting in the sermons they hear. Often this arises from the fact that these persons ought to be more actively engaged in teaching what they know, in Sabbath Schools or Bible Classes. No food will do good to the man who does not take exercise, and no amount of instruction to him who never instructs others.

In this country it is certain that popular instruction on all subjects is increasingly being given by public lectures and discourses, and the people long and love to hear good and well prepared instructions of this sort. Every winter proves it. No doubt our religious discourses would be much improved, were as much pains taken in their preparation as there are in many of the scientific and literary lectures of the day. But it often happens that the same minister who is expected to preach, three times every week, a fresh sermon, will spend six weeks in writing carefully one lecture. The lecture is admired and useful. But no wonder if his preaching is dull. It must by *improved* preparation of sermons, by a wider grange of topics, and more systematic and methodical and scientific courses of instruction on natural and revealed religion, that new interest is to be given to the pulpit.

GENERAL MCCALL.—There is an error, we understand, says the Washington Intelligencer, in the statement going through the papers, that Brigadier General McCall, commanding the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, has been relieved from duty. The General has not returned to duty, because detained by illness, which followed his imprisonment and exchange.

WHAT THE CENSUS SHAWS.

The report of the eighth census, for 1860, just issued, shows the increase in the population of the United States, in the decade from 1850 to 1860. Fifteen slaveholding States contain 12,240,000 inhabitants, of which 8,079,000 are whites, 251,000 free colored and 3,950,000 slaves. The actual gain of the whole population in these States is equal to 27.33 per cent. The slaves increased 23.44 per cent. The nineteen free States and seven free Territories contain 19,201,546, including 27,749 Indians; 18,936,579 are white and 237,218 free colored. The increase is 41.24 per cent. No more satisfactory indication of the advancing prosperity of the country could be desired than this general and remarkable progress in population. The disproportion between the gain of the free States compared with the slave States is attributed to immigration. The gain in population in all the States and Territories is more than 35 per cent.

In the same period of time more than fifty millions of acres have been brought into cultivation. The quantity of wheat grown was 171,183,381 bushels, an increase of 70 per cent., or double the increase of population. The crop of Indian corn was 839,451,707 bushels, or an increase of more than 40 per cent. over the production of 1840. The cotton produced amounted to 5,196,944 bales, or more than 110 per cent. in ten years. Of butter, there were 460,509,854 pounds produced, an increase of forty-six per cent. The amount of cheese was 105,875,135 pounds. The value of slaughtered animals was $212,871,653. Number of sheep, 23,317,756. Amount of wool, 60,511,343 pounds. Amount of sugar, 302,205 hogsheads, of 1000 pounds each. Molasses, 16,337,086 gallons; from the sorghum, 7,235,025 gallons. Of maple sugar, 38,863,884 pounds. Tobacco, 429,390,771 pounds. Wine, 1,860,008 gallons. Hay, 19,129,128 tons; this is not proportionate to the increase of live stock in the country, but it appears that, with better farming, more roots and cut straw and other rough fodder is used. The amount of clover seed was 929,010 bushels, nearly double what the production was in 1850. Orchard products valued at $19,759,361, a very large increase. The great increase in agricultural productions, so much greater in proportion than the increase of population is attributed to the very general use of improved agricultural machines upon farms.

The products of manufacture are no less remarkable in the amount and increase. They increased, in the ten years, nine hundred millions of dollars, or at the rate of 86 per cent., and are valued at nineteen hundred millions of dollars ($1,900,000,000). The mechanic arts, in our country, appear to contribute more directly than any others to the general comfort and improvement of the people. The items which make up the large amount of production above stated were given in the columns of the Ledger, some months ago.

The banking capital of the country increased from $227,469,074, in 1850, to $421,880,695, in 1860, while the circulating currency was augmented $52,089,560. The amount of insurance increased $311,000,000. More than 22,000 miles of railroad were completed in the last ten years, and the capital involved increased from $296 640,148, in 1850, to $1,151,660,829, in 1860. Lines of telegraph were extended over the whole country like a spider's web. Our internal and foreign trade kept pace with our advance in production and increase of capital. Education has been made more accessible, and crime has rather diminished. The value of real and personal estate exceeds the sum of sixteen thousand millions of dollars, representing an increase of 126¼ per cent. in the aggregate, and an increase of 68 per cent. per capita of the free population. The wealth of Pennsylvania, per capita is $487—an increase of 56 per cent. in the last ten years.

These figures show what the prosperity of our country was previous to the rebellion. That event has checked this advance somewhat, but not to the extent apprehended. A vast debt is being accumulated, but the fact that we have, in the last twenty-five years, doubled our numbers and quadrupled our wealth, shows our ability to pay any debt which the maintenance of free institutions may require us to incur.

MILITARY AND NAVAL OPERATIONS.

The signs are auspicious of a general and concentrated movement, by land and sea, against the rebellion. Gen. McClellan's army having been put in a good, effective condition, has begun its forward movement into Virginia, Burnside's division commenced crossing the Potomac on Sunday below Harper's Ferry, and had occupied Lovettsville, intending to resume his march on Monday morning. The other divisions of the army were under marching orders, and were to move as expected, yesterday. The rebels' pickets had retired as the troops advanced, and Martinsburg was abandoned by them on Saturday. If the rebels intend to make a stand in their present position, an engagement will soon be precipitated by these movements. If they retreat, as many suppose they will, it is not certain that they will be followed in that direction to Richmond. Military men are divided in opinion about advancing to Richmond over a country eaten up by the rebels, with bridges destroyed, and an enormous transportation train necessary to attend the army. But whatever the plan of action may be, there is but little doubt that it is to be acted upon immediately.

The naval force in the Gulf and along the coast is also in active operation. The Union forces have not only taken possession of Sabine Island, between Louisiana and Texas, but they have taken possession of Galveston City, on Galveston Island, and have bombarded Corpus Christi. These accounts come through rebel sources, but they admit the facts, and there is no doubt that our naval force has been gaining some decided advantages in that quarter. It is quite likely that by this time nearly all the Texas coast approachable by vessels is in the control of the Union fleet, and that the State, which has aided rebellion so largely by troops and supplies, will have enough to do hereafter to take care of itself. It is through Texas that the rebels have been largely supplied with cattle, and with arms smuggled through Mexico. This source of supply will be hereafter considerably restricted, as we see United States vessels are in the Rio Grande, and, when once the river is opened, will keep it so, and cut off the illicit trade between Mexico and Texas.

While these movements are going on in the Gulf our naval vessels are not idle on the coast, at Hilton Head. Naval reconnoissances are kept up, with a view to future operations against Savannah and Charleston. One of these recently advanced up the river from Port Royal Sound as far as Coosa Hatchie, and a force was landed to make further observations, probably with a view of severing the railroad connection at that place and Pocotaligo. The rebels say that this force was attacked and beaten off, and fled to their boats, leaving their killed and wounded. But this, probably, is an exaggeration. There could have been no other purpose in visiting there than to destroy the bridges and obstruct the railroad, or to find out how the line of railroad was defended. It was merely a reconnoitering party in force, and the return to the boats does not prove that it was defeated in its object. Gen. Mitchell is in command at Hilton Head, and he will act with prudence as well as energy.

IMPROVEMENTS IN OUR CITY.

Notwithstanding the war and the absorption of so much capital prosecuting it, the most persevering and successful efforts are being made for the improvement of that broad section of the city lying within the First ward. Some of these improvements are of a most substantial and many of them of an elegant character. Below the junction of Broad street with Passyunk road there are two entire new squares of houses now in process of erection of a very superior and elegant description. They are built two houses together so as to present the appearance of a single house with intervening spaces for gardens between each double building. These houses are being constructed of stone, will be three stories in height, with cupolas or towers; the main buildings will be above forty-four feet front and over forty-five feet deep, with two-story back buildings over thirty-four feet deep. These houses are upon that portion of the "neck" which lies between Passyunk and Moyamensing roads, which but recently was cultivated as a truck garden. The improvements are in character with those which have been commenced on Broad street South of Federal, and which have added so much to the embelishment of that portion of the city. The money for carrying on these improvements has been supplied mostly by New York capitalists, who have got possession of considerable land in that neighborhood, and mean to improve it in the same style. They are certainly enterprising and public-spirited men, and deserve the success they promise themselves. A stranger would not think that we are in the midst of a civil war to see how wide the operations in building in this section extend, and how rapidly the improvements are being pushed forward. The prospect of the improvement of League Island has given an additional stimulus to these efforts.

TROUBLE WITH THE DRAFT IN FAYETTE COUNTY.—The drafted militia in Saltlick and Bullskin townships, Fayette county, talk of resisting the enforcement of the law, because of an alleged unfairness in not giving the townships credit for the number of men already furnished for the war. It is said that they have constructed a log fort, and are determined to resist. Such conduct is very foolish. The Government will undoubtedly listen to any protest against the action of the Committee that is fairly founded, but with a million of men in arms to overthrow rebellion in a number of States, it will scarcely permit a couple of townships to threaten resistance, by violence, to its authority.

EVERY STATE of Jeff Davis' new nation, which Mr. Gladstone thinks is established, has the United States flag now waving over some portion of it, and one, Florida, is entirely under the control of the United States authorities.

WAR NEWS.

A Digest of Daily Movements of the Week.

WEDNESDAY, Oct 29, 1862.

The arrival of the steamship Ericsson from Port Royal has put us in possession of the facts respecting the attack, by Gen. Mitchel's forces, on Wednesday last, upon the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. The expedition was one of some magnitude, consisting of the commands of Gens. Brannan and Terry. The main body of the troops was landed under cover of gunboats at Mackey's Point, distant about fifteen miles from the railroad, and marched seven miles inland, where the enemy was met in force. A sharp fight of an hour drove him from his position, and making a second stand at a point two miles beyond, he was again compelled to retreat by our closely-pursuing troops. The rebels made a third stand at the village of Pocataligo, taking the precaution to destroy the long bridge over the Pocataligo River, thereby effectually preventing further pursuit. This victory was not achieved without serious loss on our side, and the fight appears to have been as hotly contested as any on a more extended scale. While these events were happening with the main body, Col. Barton, with 350 men, penetrated to the railroad at Coosawhatchie, actually tearing up a few of the rails and cutting the telegraph wire, besides firing upon a train filled with troops, killing several and capturing a stand of regimental colors.

The army of the Potomac advanced under Gen. Pleasanton, on Monday afternoon, encountered the enemy with cavalry and artillery, at Snicker's Gap, and lost one man and five horses by the explosion of a shell. Yesterday, Gen. Pleasanton pushed his scouts in the direction of Aldie and Middleburgh, and ascertained that the rebel Gen. Hill's command was at Hifferville. As an evidence that the rebels are still in force at Bunker's Hill and Winchester, it is stated that a long train of wagons was seen yesterday between these two places.

By direction of the President, the State of Tennessee, east of the Tenneessee River, and such parts of Northern Alabama and Georgia as may be taken possession of by the United States troops, will constitute the Department of the Cumberland, to the command of which Maj. Gen. W. S. Rosecrans is assigned. The troops under the command of Maj. Gen. Grant will constitute the Thirteenth Army Corps, and those assigned to the command of Maj. Gen. Rosecrans will constitute the Fourteenth Army Corps.

THURSDAY, Oct. 30, 1862.

There have been material changes in the organization of the army since the battle of Antietam. The several corps are now commanded as follows:

Second (Sumner's) —Maj. Gen. D. N. Couch.
Ninth (Burnside's)—Brig. Gen. Wilcox.
Twelfth (Banks') Maj. Gen. Slocum.

These corps, embracing fully half the army, are understood to be all under the general command of Gen. Burnside. The remainder, directly under the command of Gen. McClellan, are commanded thus:

First (Hooker's)—Maj. Gen. Reynolds.
Fifth—Maj. Gen. Fitz-John Porter.
Sixth—Maj. Gen. Wm. B. Franklin.

The army has been greatly strengthened since the battle of Antietam, by the addition of new regiments. It is now probably the largest army ever seen upon the American continent.

A destructive fire occurred at Harper's Ferry, yesterday, which burnt a train of cars loaded with forage, and, for the fourth time during the rebellion, destroyed the trestle-work on the Maryland side. The bridge, however, was saved.

A despatch from General Sigel, received at Washington, on Tuesday, states that a rebel deserter came into our lines on that morning, and reported only 5000 troops at Richmond and 5000 more at Fredericksburg, Va. This deserter also reports that it is stated, in high military circles in Richmond, that Gen. Lee will fall back to Gordonsville, where he will go into winter quarters.

Despatches from Gen. Curtis and Gen. Grant, received at the War Department, indicate that the rebels in Missouri are being dealt with in the most prompt and effectual manner. Fifteen hundred of them were attacked at Putnam's Ferry on the 27th inst., and several were killed and over forty taken prisoners. An expedition to Clarkson, thirty-four miles from New Madrid, has also been entirely successful. Ten rebels were killed and a number wounded, and the Colonel commanding, a Captain, three Lieutenants, three Surgeons and thirty-seven men were captured, together with seventy stand of arms, forty-two horses, a large quanty of ammunition, &c.

General Buell has issued an order declaring recruits for the rebel army, which may be captured, as prisoners of war, and directing that they be sent to Vicksburg to be paroled or exchanged. All persons who have abetted the rebel invasion of Kentucky are forbidden to return to the State.

FRIDAY, Oct. 31, 1862.

The Army of the Frontier has won another victory in Arkansas. A body of rebel cavalry, three thousand strong, encamped four miles east of Fayetteville, was attacked on Tuesday by a thousand of our cavalry, under Brig. Gen. Herron, and completely routed, leaving all their camp equipage and wagons behind. They left their dead on the field. The rebel force was pursued several miles into the Boston Mountain.

A man, who recently arrived at Fortress Monroe from Richmond, reports that he has been on board the Merrimac No. 2, and he considers her a "tough customer." She is thoroughly and heavily clad with iron; is completed all but a portion of her armament, and has already made a number of trips to Fort Darling.

Regarding affairs in West Tennessee, the Chicago Post says: "It is reported, and generally believed by our military commanders in that department, that the rebel Gen. Pemberton has already acquired a force of sixty or seventy thousand men in northern Mississippi. Where they have all come from it is not easy to say; the fact that they have such a force is what our commanders have to deal with. It is an unpleasant fact, considering that it is a much larger force than that which Gen. Grant may be unexpectedly compelled to meet it. He should be reinforced without a moment's delay. We have information from a source, and of a character which it would be impolitic to make public, to the effect that, unless he is reinforced, and that very soon, our entire possession in West Tennessee, and probably a large part of our army also, will be captured by the enemy, who is straining every nerve for the accomplishment of that end. Probably the Government is also in possession of this information—at any rate it should be. If the facts we know are also known at the War Office, reinforcements will go forward to Gen. Grant at once—if, indeed, they are not already on the way—or else there will be good reason to charge criminal negligence upon officials in very high places."

A letter to the Pittsburg Chronicle, dated Lebanon, Oct. 24, says: "The largest portion of the grand army of the Southwest are thus far on their way back, *after not bagging Bragg*. Buell is with this part of it. Thomas, I believe, is left to guard the Gap—that is, to guard the rat-hole, while we run around several hundred miles to see if he has got out of the other end. I guess we will be two and a half days too late—the exact time we have been in reaching any *point* where we might have *made a point*. If Abraham Lincoln don't send us some one to manage this great army, then he had better call us home before we become demoralized. The list of killed and wounded will be over 3,000 for the battle of Chaplin Hills."

The Nashville Union of Saturday says no apprehensions need be ingulged for the safety of that city. It says that the rebels have threatened the place for the last three months, and have always fled on the approach of the National troops.

On Saturday, Oct. 18, ten rebel prisoners were shot at Palmyra, Missouri, in accordance with orders issued by Gen. McNeil. Porter's guerrillas had, some days previously, carried off one Andrew Allsmen from Palmyra, and Gen. McNeil promptly gave orders that if he were not returned to his family within ten days, ten prisoners should be should be shot. Mr. Allsman was not released, and Gen. McNeil executed his threat.

The citizens of Baltimore recently arrested by order of Gen. Wool, were yesterday unconditionally released by order of the President, and the papers seized at the time of their arrest have been restored.

SATURDAY, Nov. 1, 1862.

The Washington Republican of Thursday says: "A gentleman who left Richmond about a week ago, and who had, while there, opportunity of free intercourse with leading rebels, informs us that it was their avowed policy to avoid any further serious fighting on the line of the Potomac, and to draw our forces into their interior by retreats. This is confirmed by the retirement of Gen. Lee from the Upper Potomac. They pursued the same line of tactics when Gen. McClellan landed at Fortress Monroe last spring, drawing him back until he came within sight of Richmond, and then pouncing upon him just at the right moment, after his army had been sufficiently reduced by the waste of a summer's campaign in a sickly region. The rebels now feel that they must postpone battles upon a great scale, until the six hundred thousand more,' who have responded to the last two calls of the President are reduced to about half that number by winter marches and exposure. The rebels know how to retreat as well as how to fight, and until there is more vigor in pursuit manifested by our Generals, it is no difficult matter to get away from them."

We learn from the Columbus (Ga.) Times, on the 17th ult., that Gen. Butler, with 7,000 men, had landed at Pensacola, and was expected to advance to the junction of the Mobile, Montgomery and Pensacola Railroads. It will be recollected that Gen. Butler has recently visited Pensacola, and there may be some truth in this report.

The ship Alleghanian, of this city, was partially destroyed by the rebels on Tuesday night, in Chesapeake Bay, near the Virginia shore. She was bound from Baltimore to London, and had anchored to await the subsidence of the storm, which commenced on Sunday last. The rebels came from the mouth of the Piankatank river in boats, boarded her, took the Captain and a part of the crew prisoners, and set the vessel on fire. The fire was extinguished, however, by a boat's crew from a mortar schooner some distance off, from which the fire was discovered.

Rear-Admiral D. D. Porter has issued orders that "any vessel that may be fired on by guerrillas, or other persons, will do all damage in her power to the vicinity from which she was attacked, in order to repress the outrageous practice of guerrilla warfare. After the 25th of October, all vessels found landing cargoes at any point below Cairo, or any point between Cairy and Louisville, except at places specified in Collectors' Permits, or by permission of the naval commanding officer, or at places occupied by United States troops, shall be brought to Cairo, and be detained until the matter is investigated,"

The *corps d'armee* of Gens. Crittenden and McCook were expected to arrive at Columbus, Ky., on Oct. 28th, *en route* for Nashville. Gen. Gilbert's corps will remain in Kentucky for the present.

ARREST OF REV. DR. HAY.

The recent arrest of Rev. Dr. Hay, by order of General Wool, has created some excitement in Harrisburg, among his friends. Dr. Hay, it appears, published a statement in a Harrisburg paper, to the following effect:

"I have just returned from Baltimore. While there I fell in with a lady of well-known secession proclivities, who boasted of having brought away from Fort McHenry, by *permission of General Wool*, four of the wounded prisoners lately transferred from Frederick. I inquired if they were in any of the Baltimore Hospitals. 'No: they are in the hands of OUR FRIENDS. A dozen ladies scrambled for them, but I had already promised them to others, and they are well cared for.'

"Now I wish to call public attention to this fact, which speaks for itself. Would the same General allow similar privileges to loyal ladies in behalf of loyal soldiers?"

For this Dr. Hay was arrested, and the following is given as the interview between him and General Wool:

Dr. Hay arrived at Baltimore at one o'clock, and was ushered at once into the head-quarters of General Wool. After waiting some time, the General appeared, seemingly very much excited, and, after examining several papers lying on his table, he accused Dr. Hay with being the writer of different articles published in the Baltimore American, remarking, at the same time, that "they were all a pack of lies."

Dr. Hay replied, coolly, that he had never written anything for that paper.

Gen. Wool then remarked that an article had been published over his own signature, at the time still hunting in great excitement over his papers, but unable to find the article in question.

Dr. Hay then stated that he had published an article in the Harrisburg paper, at the same time handing him the article cut from the Telegraph.

Gen. Wool took the slip, read it, pacing up and down the room, and stating that "it was a pack of lies."

Dr. Hay answered coolly that he was not in the habit of telling lies.

After this conversation Dr. Hay gave a full history of the transactions at Camp Curtin, and of his visit to Baltimore, giving the author of the fact that secession prisoners had been taken from the fort and quartered among the secessionists of Baltimore.

Gen. Wool stated that he had an official account of the transactions at Fort McHenry before him, but insisted that Dr. Hay had been wrong in stating that he had given permission to take these secession prisoners from the Fort, at the same time not denying that this had been done by the commander of the Fort. General Wool read from the official report of Gen. Morris concerning the disturbances there, which corroborated many of the statements of Dr. Hay's informant, and satisfied him that the General to whom the lady referred was not General Wool.

Dr. Hay saw after this explanation that the deed had not been directly committed by Gen. Wool, yet it was done under his command, and he was responsible for it. He told the General at once that he had no hesitation in saying publicly that he had been in error in regard to the person granting such permission.

This seemed to satisfy the General, who had no doubt heard of some in connection with the affair, and he thereupon discharged Dr. Hay without condition.

This illegal arrest and examination has ended in failing to disprove the fact that some one under the *control of Gen. Wool* had permitted four secession prisoners to be taken from the fort and quartered among secessionists in Baltimore, which privilege has been denied to Union soldiers. We are therefore glad that an opportunity has been given to investigate this matter, and we have no doubt that the illegal arrest of Dr. Hay will bring about the discharge of incompetent officers (to use the mildest term), and arrest abuses in the department of General Wool, which have grown almost insufferable to loyal men.

Gov. Curtin telegraphed at once, when he ascertained the arrest of Dr. Hay, to the War Department, asking his immediate release. Secretary Stanton answered promptly that no authority had been given for such arrest, and desired to know by whom it was ordered. This shows clearly that the whole responsibility rests upon Gen. Wool, and that he will have to answer for his conduct to a higher power.

AN INTERESTING PAPER.

Ex-President Buchanan's Reply to Gen. Scott.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Ex-President Buchanan, through the National Intelligencer, replies at length to Lieut-General Scott, whose recent publication he considers an undisguised censure of his conduct during the last months of his administration, in regard to the seven Cotton States now in rebellion. In noticing the first and most prominent among the charges, viz: his refusal to immediately garrison nine enumerated fortifications scattered over six of the Southern States, according to Gen. Scott's recommendation, he says:

"This refusal is attributed without the least cause, to the influence of Governor Floyd. All my Cabinet must bear me witness that I was, as President, responsible for all the acts of the Administration, and certain it is that during the last six months previous to the twenty-ninth of December, 1860, (the day on which he resigned his office after my request) he exercised less influence on the Administration than any other member of the Cabinet. Mr. Holt was immediately thereafter transferred from the Post-office Department to that of War, so that from this time until the 4th of March, 1861, which was up far the most important period of the Administration, he performed the duties of Secretary of War to my entire satisfaction."

He then proceeds to show that there is one answer, both easy and conclusive, even if other valid reasons did not exist, namely—there were no available troops within reach, which could be sent to these fortifications. To have attempted a military operation on a scale so extensive, by any means within the President's power, would have been simply absurd.

Of this, he says, referring to the supplemental views of the 30th of October, "General Scott himself seems to have been convinced. These views, both original and supplementary, were published by Gen. Scott in the Intelligencer on the 18th of January, 1861, at a most important and critical period of the Administration. Their publication at that time could do no possible good and might do much harm. To have published them without the President's knowledge and consent was as much in violation of the sacred confidence which out to prevail between the Commanding General of the army, and the Commander in-Chief, as it would have been for the Secretary of War to publish the same documents without his authority. What is of more importance, their publication was calculated injuriously to affect the compromise measures then pending before Congress and the country, and to encourage the Secessionists in their mad and wicked attempt to shatter the Union into fragments. From the great respect which I then entertained for the General, I passed it over in silence."

Mr. Buchanan then explains why he refused to send three hundred men to reinforce Major Anderson at Fort Moultrie. Among the reasons, he says he "believed, as the event proved, that Major Anderson was then in no danger of attack—indeed he and his command were then treated with marked kindness by the authorities and people of Charleston. Under these circumstances to have sent such a force there would have been only to impair the hope of compromise, to provoke collision, and disappoint the country."

Having treated of the charge of having kept back reinforcements from Pensacola, he replies to the charge of having also kept men back from Charleston, saying that neither a truce nor quasi truce, nor anything like it, was ever concluded between the President and any human authority concerning Charleston. On the contrary, the South Carolina Commissioners, first and last, and all the time, were informed that the President could never surrender Fort Sumter, nor deprive himself of the most entire liberty to send reinforcements to it whenever it was believed to be in danger, or requested by Major Anderson.

He alludes to other points in Scott's views, and says he can solemnly declare before God and his country, that he cannot reproach himself with any act of commission or omission since the existing troubles commenced.

A Southern Expedition Organizing—Active Operations to be Carried on during the Winter.

Gen. Banks arrived in New York on Tuesday, and is stopping at the Astor House. Among his numerous visiters are many of our most prominent citizens and military and literary men.

The object of his visit, the Post says, is to organize a formidable expedition, of which he will have command. The destination of this expedition has not yet been determined, and probably will not be made public until a blow is struck upon some point of the Southern coast.

The Government is determined to prosecute a most active and vigorous warfare in the South during the coming winter; and this expedition is, probably, but the beginning, and will be followed by many others.

The success of the expeditions which were sent last winter were such as to demonstrate what might have been done had they been followed up vigorously; and it is believed that there will be no grounds to complain that the operations in the South during the coming cold weather do not accomplish all that it is possible to accomplish.

Other journals publicly announce that Gen. Banks' expedition is to give assistance to the loyal Texans, by landing a force there sufficiently strong to encourage them to return the State to its allegiance.

Additional Vessels Captured by the British Pirate Alabama.

SIX VESSELS BURNED—THE TONAWANDA CAPTURED.

BOSTON, Nov. 2.—The brig Baronda Castine, of Boston, Capt. Saunders, which sailed from Bangor on the 18th ult., for Cardenas, arrived here this afternoon. Capt. Saunders reports that, on the 29th ult., in lat. 39, long. 69, the brig was captured by the British pirate Alabama. Capt. Semmes agreed to liberate the brig for a bond of $6000, payable to the President of the Confederate States thirty days after peace is declared. Capt. Saunders gave the bond and was then released.

He was informed that he must take as passengers the crews (numbering 45 persons) of several American vessels, which had been previously captured and burned. The crews were sent on board the brig, but extra provisions were refused, and Captain Saunders bore away for the nearest port.

The following is a list of vessels taken and burned by the Alabama:

Bark Lamplighter, of Boston, Captain Harding, from New York for Gibraltar. Captured October 15th, in lat. 41 deg, 30 m., long. 59 deg. 17 m., and burned.

Ship Lafayette, of New Haven, Capt. Small, from New York, for Belfast, with a cargo of wheat and corn. Captured October 23d, in lat 40 deg, long. 64 deg., and burned.

Schooner Crenshaw, of New York, Captain Nelson from New York for Glasgow, with a cargo of flour, captured October 26th, in lat. 40, long. 65, and burned. One of the crew of the Crenshaw joined the Alabama.

Bark Lauretta, of Boston, Capt. Wells, from New York for Madeira, captured Oct. 28th, in lat. 39 45, long. 68, and burned.

Capt. Semmes informed the prisoners that on the 10th of October, he captured the ship Tonawanda, of and from Philadelphia for Liverpool, with passengers on board, and detained her five days, and released her for a bond of $80,000, payable as above.

He also captured the ship Manchester, from New York for Liverpool, and brig Dunkirk, from New York for Lisbon and burned them putting their crews on board the Tonawanda.

Captain Harding, of the bark Lamplighter, reports that on the 15th ult., at daylight, in lat 41 deg. 30 min., long. 59 deg. 17 min., wind south, with thick weather, saw a ship standing southward; in half an hour the weather cleared up a little and she altered her course and stood across our bows with the British flag flying. I then made her out to be a steamer. When within a mile he fired a gun, hauled down the British flag and run up the rebel flag. I hove to, and he sent a boat aboard, demanded my papers and declared my vessel a prize. We were sent on board the steamer. I was allowed to take one trunk and my officers and crew one bag each. Capt. Semmes ordered his first Lieutenant to board the boat and burn her immediately. I begged him to save my ship, he replied, "I hope to be able to serve you a d—d sight worse yet." They then went on board to burn the ship. I was permitted to go with them. When we went into the cabin they asked for liquor. I gave them all I had. They drank and emptied the remainder on the floor. Then they took the oil cans out of the locker and poured the oil on the floor, and at 8 o'clock in the morning they set the vessel on fire. We were then transferred to the steamer and put in irons and almost starved.

The pirate then continued her course under sail, but with steam up until she captured all the above vessels. The crews were all put in irons as soon as captured. Those on board the Alabama had full files of the New York Herald, and the pictorial paper, containing accounts of the former captures of the Alabama. Capt. H. was informed by the second Lieutenant and second petty officer that their next destination was New York, as they meant to throw a few shells into that city. Capt. H represents the Alabama as a very formidable vessel, but don't think she is as fast as has been represented. When he left her, the crew were mounting two large pivot guns, one forward and the other aft. He thinks they were 100-pounders.

Capt. Small of the ship Lafayette, reports that when he was introduced to Capt. Semmes, he produced his British Consular certificate, and remarked that he supposed that would be sufficient protection. Capt. Semmes replied that the New York people were getting very smart, but it wont save you. It is all a d—d hatched up mess. He then gave orders to burn the ship.

A Union Commander Shoots Ten Rebels in Retaliation for a Supposed Murder.

The fact has been published that General McNeil caused ten Rebel prisoners to be shot at Palmyra, Mo., on the 18th inst. The cause of the tragedy and particulars of the execution are given as follows:

[From the Palmyra Mo., Courier.]

When the rebels entered Palmyra, an old resident of the place, Andrew Allsman by name, mysteriously disappeared and it is supposed he was murdered.

When General McNeil returned to Palmyra, after that event, and ascertained the circumstances under which Allsman had been abducted, he caused to be issued a notice that if the missing man was not returned within ten days he would retaliate upon the rebel prisoners in his hands.

The ten days elapsed and no tidings came of the man. The tenth day expired with last Friday. On that day ten rebel prisoners, already in custody, were selected to pay, with their lives, the penalty demanded. The names of the men so selected were as follows: Willis Baker, Lewis county; Thomas Humston, do.; Morgan Baxier, do, John Y. McPheeters, do.; Herbert Hudson, Ralls county, John M. Wade, do; Marion Lamb, do.; Captain Thomas A. Sidner, Monroe county; Eleazer Lake Scotland county; Hiram Smith, Knox county.

These parties were informed on Friday evening that, unless Mr. Allsman was returned to his family by o'clock on the following day, they would all be shot at that hour.

A little after 12 o'clock, the next day, three Government wagons drove to the jail. One contained four, and each of the others three rough board coffins. The condemned men were conducted from the prison and seated in the wagons—one upon each coffin—and conducted to the Fair Grounds.

The ten coffins were removed from the wagons and placed in a row, six or eight feet apart. Thirty soldiers of the 2d M. S. M. were drawn up in a single line, facing the row of coffins. The doomed men knelt upon the grass, between their coffins and the soldiers, while the Rev. R. M. Rhoades offered up a prayer. At the conclusion of this, each prisoner took his seat upon the foot of his coffin, facing the muskets. They were nearly all firm and undaunted. Two or three only showed signs of trepidation.

The most noted of the ten was Capt. Thomas A. Sidner, of Monroe county. He was now elegantly attired in a suit of black broadcloth, with white vest. A luxuriant growth of beautiful hair rolled down upon his shoulders. There was nothing especially worthy of note in the appearance of the others. One of them, Willis Baker, of Lewis county, was proven to be a man who last year shot and killed Mr. Ezekiel Pratte, his Union neighbor, near Williamstown, in that county. All the others were rebels of lesser note.

A few minutes after one o'clock, Col. Strachan, Provost Marshal General, and Rev. Mr. Rhoades shook hands with the prisoners. Two of them then accepted bandages; all the others refused. A hundred spectators had gathered around the amphitheatre, to witness the impressive scene. The stillness of

ARMY AND NAVY.

ARMOR AND TURRETS FOR THE NEW STEAMER.—The iron-clad steamer to be built at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, preparations for laying the keel of which are now being made, is to have a shield of five inches in thickness, composed of plates not less than one inch thick. The deck plating is to be in two thicknesses of three-quarters of an inch each, making it an inch and a half thick. This will be a full half inch thicker than the deck of the New Ironsides. The revolving towers of the new steamer are to be twenty-one feet in diameter and eleven inches in thickness. Like the side plating the towers are to be composed of plates one inch in thickness. The steamer is also to have an impregnable smoke-pipe, which is to be six inches in thickness, about four feet in diameter, and eight feet high above the deck. On one of the turrets is to be a pilot house, constructed in a manner similar to those now being put on the steamers of the Monitor pattern.

TRIAL OF MACHINERY.—For two or three days there has been a trial of the machinery of the sloop-of-war Juniata. It was found to work smoothly, so much so as not to cause the slightest jar of the ship, and from the regularity and precision of its movement a high expectations are formed of it. If the delay in getting the Juniata ready for service has been attributable to the machinist in not fulfilling his contract, with the machinery in working order, there is nothing now to prevent her immediate completion. More than six months have elapsed since she was launched, a sufficient time to have built her entire.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, November 5, 1862.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER,

PHILADELPHIA.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

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The premiums above offered, in connection with the statement in prices allowed by the terms of the [illegible] those who subscribe in clubs, it is believed [illegible]nd inducement sufficient to young men in [illegible]borhoods to exert themselves in behalf [illegible]er."

[illegible] a little effort, as here suggested, [illegible] those making it, not only satisfactory [illegible]wards, but the consolation of [illegible]e engaged in a work of real ad[illegible]r neighbors as they may have [illegible]aders of a really instructive [illegible]

[illegible]reat feature of the times, the [illegible]lar Newspaper" will devote [illegible]mmand the most reliable in[illegible]es, giving in each number all [illegible]AR NEWS.

[illegible]t this heretofore peaceful and [illegible]en involved in the most gigan[illegible]tic and [illegible] the world has ever known, and at present [illegible]abilities are that the interest in it will continue for months to come, though the rebellio should be sooner overcome. In the meantime th "Newspaper" will closely note its most important events. By following the operations of the armies from day to day, succinctly presenting the whole from week to week, we shall furnish a fresh and runnin history of this lamentable rebellion.

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TO READERS AND WRITERS.

MADEIRA," by L'Incomun, we have filed for early publication.

"LINA," and "THE GRAVES OF THE VOLUNTEERS," by W. G. S., are duly at hand, and will appear at our earliest convenience.

CASH! CASH! CASH!

Read the advertisement of "The Dollar Newspaper" in this week's number, and take especial notice of the offer of CASH PREMIUMS to the amount of THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS, for the largest clubs sent in before the first day of March, 1863. The inducements are such as must commend the offer to enterprising young men in almost every neighborhood. Let two or three, more or less, as the size of the club contemplated may be, join in the effort, agreeing to share the premium, and, our word for it, their success will quite surprise themselves. It shall be our effort to make the "Newspaper" aid them, by commending itself to universal favor

TURPENTINE.

This article has advanced in the Northern market within the last year and a half, from about three dollars per barrel to over thirty dollars per barrel! Turpentine is almost wholly supplied here from Southern Virginia and the State of North Carolina. The pine forests of those regions are most prolific in Turpentine, and it may be gathered there with little labor as to command the markets of the whole country, against the competition of other sections where the pine grows more sparsely, and the supply of Turpentine is less abundant or of inferior quality. There may be no place out of North Carolina where Turpentine can be afforded for three dollars per barrel, and, while that region was in free intercourse with the loyal States, there were no doubt good and sufficient reasons why there should be no attempt to gather it elsewhere. But at thirty dollars per barrel, or even at one-third of that sum, it would certainly pay to look after it in Southern New Jersey, where there are still standing a considerable quantity of old pine timber; and in the immense pine forests of Northwestern Pennsylvania and Southwestern New York. We are not informed how valuable these forests are for Turpentine, or that they yield Turpentine at all; but, if they do, even of inferior quality, it may be worth the attention of producers and consumers of the article to test them, and, if of any value, to work them. We throw out these hints for the consideration of enterprising capitalists, who, being outside of the immediate use of Turpentine, give the subject no thought, though a source of supply affording a large profit may lay within their immediate grasp. One of the essential ingredients in the manufacture of good printers' ink is Turpentine, and one of the causes of much of the bad printing of newspapers within the last year has resulted from the difficulty in getting Turpentine, and the failure of the experiments made to supply its place by the use of other things.

THE ADVANCE UPON RICHMOND.—As the indications are now manifest of a forward movement of the army, speculations begin to be raised in regard to the probable route towards Richmond. A Washington correspondent says Halleck's plan of a concentrated movement has been abandoned, and it is likely that the army will move in several corps, acting in unison, but independent of each other. It is also suggested that there will be an advance up the James River, so as to secure the co-operation of the gunboats. These speculations must, however, be mere conjectures of the writers. It is not likely that the Commander-in-Chief will suffer his plan of operations to be made public, except as it is disclosed in effecting it.

RAGS! RAGS! RAGS!

The war waged to suppress the rebellion has very much disturbed the usual relation of supply and demand; of various necessary articles, and greatly increased prices and much inconvenience are the direct consequences. Paper, an article in universal use, is becoming scarce and the price is steadily on the advance, and especially is this true of printing paper. The supply of the raw material in its manufacture is shortened from several causes, the result, more or less directly, of non-intercourse with the South.

Rags of cotton and of linen, that heretofore found their way to that common receptacle in every well-regulated household, the *rag-bag*, their first step towards the paper mill, are now carried to the druggist and medical purveyor, by whom they are converted, by thousands of pounds, into lint and bandages for the use of the surgeons of the army, in the treatment of the thousands wounded in battle. Again, the scarcity and high price of cotton has suggested the expedient of the use of cotton rags as "Shoddy," in the manufacture of cloths. In eking out yards of goods which are selling at an enormous advance on prices current eighteen months ago, these rags have come into great demand, and are worth in the market double the price at which they formerly sold.

Here are two losses of supply to the paper-maker. There is also less cotton manufacturing, and, consequently, a great falling off in "cotton waste," which was formerly a large source of supply of material to the paper-mill. The non-intercourse with the Cotton States of the South has also cut off the large quantities of "bale rope" that found its way North, and was almost entirely used in the manufacture of paper. With all these losses of material, with little, if any lessened consumption of paper, the inevitable consequence is an increased price of that article, and as the cause continues the price will still further advance.

The book-makers and the newspaper publishers are suffering very much, and as a means of continuing in existence many of the latter have felt it necessary to advance their subscription and advertising rates, and if prices of paper continue upward, most other publishers will have to follow their example—advance or stop.

What we set out to say, however, is that the supply of material may be much increased, and that the large advance in the price of rags makes it an object in every household to save every scrap. It is surprising how soon a pound may be gathered, and so far from the saving being an additional labor or trouble, the having of a common receiptacle for the depositing of all refuse pieces of cotton or linen goods known to all the members of the family, is a positive convenience, as most expeditiously hiding them from view, and much less offensively than by casting them into the fire. Let every housewife be more than ever rigid in requiring that no rag, white or colored, shall go to waste, but that all shall go to the rag-bag. It is a duty. Economy is a part of religion, and in these times should be religiously observed.

ARMY OPERATIONS IN ALABAMA.

A report comes North by way of Columbus, Georgia, that Gen. Butler had landed at Pensacola with 7000 men, and the supposition was that his object was to advance on the junction of the Mobile, Montgomery and Pensacola Railroad, which is situated some sixty miles above, at Sparta. The information comes from a tolerably direct source, but it does not seem probable that General Butler would advance, with only 7000 men, so far up the country, when Mobile directly connects with Sparta, by railroad, about the same distance from it as Pensacola, and a large body of troops is known to be at Mobile for its defence, which could be easily transported to any point to be attacked on the line of the railroad.

If Gen. Butler has landed there, it is probably for some object connected with the proposed capture of Mobile, the forts and batteries guarding which have first to be reduced. Pensacola lies but a few miles east of the Island upon which is Fort Morgan, the only one of the rebel forts at the entrance to Mobile which is now garrisoned. Fort Gaines, on the other side, having been some time since abandoned, as it was believed not to be tenable against an attack from light draught gunboats, which could enter the channel north of Dauphine Island, between that and the mainland. It is quite probable that Fort Morgan is to be assaulted by land as well as water, and Pensacola would be the nearest point to occupy until the combined force is ready to commence operations. The ground seems favorable for an investment of the fort, for the British, in 1815, after their repulse at New Orleans, invested Fort Bowyer, built on the present site to Fort Morgan, and compelled the garrison to capitulate, though it had beaten off a previous attack from a British naval force. The present fort is one of the best on the coast, built at a cost of $1,200,000. The experience of this war proves, however, that forts with ordinary guns are not the impediments they were once considered. Our steamers of war have run past them with comparatively little injury, and if the channel in Mobile Bay is not obstructed, it is likely that Fort Morgan may be passed as easily.

THE CESSION OF LEAGUE ISLAND.—The Board of officers appointed by the Secretary of the Navy, under an act passed at the last session of Congress, to advise with reference to the wisdom of accepting the cession of League Island for a Navy Yard, have made a voluminous report. The opinion of the majority is adverse to the acceptance of the island, and in favor of establishing a yard at New London by preference. Had the Board reported favorably to League Island, the Department would have been authorized, without waiting for further legislation, to accept the title. As the case stands, the Department can do nothing, the law simply requiring the Board to examine the harbor of New London and the waters of Narragansett Bay before reporting as to League Island.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Tribune does not give the reasons of the majority for the preference they express, but the public, who know anything of the merits of the question, would like to know the arguments which were deemed conclusive by the majority of the committee against the many and manifest advantages of League Island as a naval station and workshop. It is believed that there is not another place in the country that is so favorably situated as League Island, in respect to abundant and cheap supplies of iron and coal, and it will not require any great effort to prove the facts to those who are looking only to the interest of the Government in this matter.

NAVAL PREPARATIONS.—There is unusual activity in all the ship yards of the country, fitting out vessels of war intended for operations against rebellion. In the last six weeks thirty boats have been fitted out in the Boston, New York and Philadelphia Navy Yards, carrying 221 guns, and all the vessels steamers. At Portsmouth and Washington the work has been equally as rapid and extensive. The destination of these vessels is purposely withheld. In the West the movements are quite as extensive, and a land and naval expedition, under General McClernand and Admiral Porter, is to be a very formidable expedition, the object of which is to open the Mississippi, so that a single obstruction shall not remain. Colonel Ellett's ram fleet is to have a prominent position in the flotilla. The boats composing it have been thoroughly overhauled and put in condition for a winter's campaign. They can be used as rams in an action with the enemy's boats, and can perform valuable service in conveying transports through dangerous portions of the river. They are armed with boat howitzers and 12-pound guns. The Switzerland will be the flag boat of the ram fleet. She has been completely casemated in every part, and will be able to do excellent service should opportunity offer.

RECOGNITION IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Morehead, who recently went abroad as a rebel agent, is in England making speeches in favor of secession; but, with all the aid of the London Tory press, he does not seem to have convinced the British Government that it is its duty to recognize the rebel government. Sir G. C. Lewis, Minister of War, has taken public exception to Mr. Gladstone's recent speech in favor of recognition, and controverts his arguments. The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, which had the question of recognition before it, and the propriety of memorializing the Government in favor of it, have had the subject withdrawn, several members present observing that the policy maintained by the Government hitherto, was, in their opinion, the only correct policy to be pursued under the circumstances. Mr. Barnuchson, one of the members of the Liverpool Chamber, who attended the recent Social Science Association gathering at Brussels, said that, so far as he could ascertain, the majority of the public associations were not in favor of agitating the question at present.

THE PIRATE ALABAMA OFF OUR COAST.—The absence of any news by the European advices of the pirate Alabama, is accounted for by the intelligence that she has left the late scene of her previous operations, and is now off our own coast committing depredations upon our commerce. She seems to have crossed the Atlantic in the track of the vessels going to Europe, and has captured six vessels belonging to the United States, one of them the Tonawanda, from Philadelphia. This latter vessel was released after being detained five days, the captain agreeing to give a bond for 80,000 dollars, payable to the President of the Confederate States. The last capture made was on the 29th ult., Wednesday last, in lat. 39°, long. 69°, which is only about four hundred miles from our coast, nearly in direct line East from Philadelphia. The near neighborhood of this daring marauder will, we hope, bring her within reach of some of our gunboats, and such as are available should be despatched from some of our nearest ports in search of her.

A STREET ENGINE for drawing ponderous loads is just introduced in London. Its first essay was successful, a wrought iron girder weighing twenty tons having been drawn over the pavements with ease and without accident.

AMUSEMENTS.

There is a strong probability that we shall have an opera engagement in this city under the management of Mr. Grau. Among the new artists will be Mme. Guerrabella, Mme. Lorini Whiting, Mlle. Morezzi, and Mlle. Cordier, Miss Kellogg, Miss Carlotta Patti and Sigs. Brignoli, Susini, Amodio, and Macaferri will be in the company. Madame Guerrabella is a soprano, and has won a well deserved fame abroad. The London Morning Chronicle thus spoke of her:

"A young American lady has been making a great furore in Italy as a dramatic singer. The Italian papers and private letters give most enthusiastic accounts of her reception at Turin, Milan, &c. Signora Guerrabella was not originally intended for the stage. She is an only child, and it was only by insistance on her part that her parents consented to let her mase a more extended use of the gifts with which nature had endowed her. She is thoroughly devoted to her profession; and, although only two years have elapsed since she began her career, she has sung in some of the best Italian theatres with unqualified success. At Bergamo, during the carnival, her appearance in Pacini's opera—*Stella di Napoli*—caused immense excitement, the audience testifying their delight by calling the favorite over and over again before the curtain."

Madame Guerrabella is the daughter of Hon. Samuel Ward, formerly of New York, and recently United States Consul at Bristol, and grand-daughter of the late Hon. Gideon Lee, of New York.

At the *Walnut street Theatre* Miss Thompson has just concluded a three weeks' engagement, and concluded it in a way most gratifying to the lady's professional ambition and flattering to her personal pride. We do not remember an occasion when an actress in this city has more steadily gained on the favor of the Philadelphia public, than did Miss Thompson during her three weeks' engagement just closed. We venture to say for her that, at this moment there is no lady in this country, on the stage, that stands higher as a natural and effective personator of feminine character. The audiences nightly increased, the houses towards the close of her engagement being greatly crowded. Another noticeable feature of her engagement was the unusually intelligent character of her audiences. We noticed among them many of our most intelligent citizens, persons rarely found in attendance at our theatres, and from all there was the same expression of unqualified commendation. The complimentary benefit tendered her by her admirers, on Friday evening, drew out a most gratifying demonstration of this feeling. The house was a perfect jam. She is succeeded this week by Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport—both very superior actors.

At the *Arch Street Theatre* Mr. J. S. Clarke continues his engagement to very full houses, crowds following, seemingly for the purpose of laughing away in the evening the gloom and depression that daily meets them in the walks of real life, and thus ensure a wholesome and invigorating night's sleep. He is certainly "very funny," and, in some of his characters, quite unrivaled. He plays at the Arch throughout the week.

Carncross & Dixey present nightly, a fine concert, with dancing and burlesques, and comic scenes. They have arranged a first-rate bill for to-morrow night.

Sandford's Opera Troupe, Concert Hall, appear, during the present week, in their most pleasant entertainments. They cater well, and never fail in pleasing.

Abel and Ledyard's Stereopticon, at the Assembly Buildings, is an admirable exhibition, and one that commands the favor of the more refined of our citizens.

LITERARY RECORD.

Andree De Taverney; or, the Downfall of French Monarchy. By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

With this romance ends one of Dumas' most attractive stories. Mainly historical, too, but full of individual interest. We would especially draw attention to the fact that this conclusion of the tale is now first rendered inte English. The London translator never got beyond "The Queen's Necklace," which is the second of the five parts of the work. Like the preceding portions, these volumes are printed upon fine paper with good type. This story is issued in two volumes, paper cover, at one dollar for the two, and is mailed to any part of the country, free of postage, at the same price.

Orley Farm. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. Harpers: New York. J. B. Lippincott & Co.: Philadelphia.

This is a republication, in book form, of one of the long stories run through the recent numbere of Harper's Magazine. A marked feature in it, and it is one that characterises all the stories of Mr. Trollope, is, that there is a truthfulness and a fidelity to nature about it, that removes the objection that some people entertain to the reading of fiction. Without much sentiment or ideality, or poetry, there is healthy common sense about all of Trollope's novels which goes straight to the mark.

Government Infantry and Rifle Tactics, adopted for the use of the Infantry of the United States, by order of the Secretary of War, with sixty-five illustrated figures from life, has just been issued by Peterson & Brothers.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

Slavery has been abolished in the Dutch West Indies.

☞ Themas H. Clay has been appointed Minister to Nicaragua.

☞ Gen. Howell Cobb drinks to excess. He's generally a corned Cobb.

☞ It is probable that Secretary Chase will discontinue receiving deposits of gold.

☞ A violent snow storm occurred at Cincinnati on Saturday night.

☞ A locomotive exploded on Saturday night at Jersey City, and five men were killed.

☞ The people of Wilmington, N. C., are dying faster than coffins can be made to contain them.

☞ John Thompon has been commissioned Sheriff of the City and County of Philadelphia by Governor Curtin.

☞ The price of substitutes in Hartford, Conn., is down to $350, and the supply far exceeds the demand.

☞ There are no less than ninety-five different stamps required to be used, from 1 cent to $20, and to purchase one of each will require $196 50.

☞ O. C. Ruller, a contraband of Newbern, N. C., has been sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment for milking Gen. Foster's cow.

☞ A petition is being circulated in Baltimore for the removal of Gen. John E. Wool from the military control of that city.

☞ Drafting is still going on in Boston, one name being drawn each day. Gov. Andrew has accepted the Republican nomination for Governor.

☞ Tom Thumb has been duly initiated a Master Mason in St. John's Lodge, No. 1, of Bridgepart, Conn. The hall was crowded on the occasion of the ceremony.

☞ The Providence Journal would rather have poet penny-a-liner Mackay's calumnies in the London Times against us, than his verses for us. There is not much of a choice any way.

☞ Governor Curtin names the 27th of November as Thanksgiving in Pennsylvania. Most of the Northern and Middle States have already named the same day.

☞ The Richmond Dispatch waxes furious over the offer of Girabaldi to fight for the Union and calls him a "played-out European Brigand."

☞ EPIGRAM.—

He who in age betrothes a youthful bride,
May as a fool with justice be decreed;
Like one who buys a library through pride
To lend his books for wiser heads to read!

☞ A gentleman, lately returned from Europe, says half the people he met supposed North America was at war with South America, and he was frequently asked where the State of New England was!

☞ Gen. McDowell is at Washington, preparing a statement of his case. A cotemporary thinks Centreville was the place where he should have prepared his case for the nation's verdict.

☞ At a bull fight given at Bayonne in honor of Louis Napoleon, six bulls and seven horses were killed. The principal matador, El Tato, received $1000 for his day's work, which is higher wages than most slaughter houses pay.

☞ A female poisoner, Constance Wilson, has been sentenced to death in England, for murdering by poison. She administered colchicum, and, it is believed, has, like Dumollard, filled a cemetery by her crimes.

☞ The Journal of Commerce says if Wadsworth be elected Governor of New York, there will not be one regiment forwarded to the army unless the President removes General McClellan from command and places General Fremont in his place.

☞ Concerning the drafting of gamblers for soldiers Vanity Fair thinks they would not be of much service except in the case of another Indian outbreak, when it would be quite the thing to send a brigade of Blacklegs to fight the Blackfeet.

☞ At a war meeting, last week, at Chicago, some one offered a cow to the first married volunteer. The first volunteer was a single man, who stepped forward amidst vociferous applause, some cheering the man and others cheering the cow. "Gentlemen," said he, "I belong to the class that can't be cowed."

☞ At Peterboro', Madison county, Mrs. Deborah Straugh, wife of a soldier in the 125th regiment, awoke in the morning and found her child, three months old, lying dead by her side. She declared that she would live no longer, left the house, and was found soon after a corpse, suspended by a bridle from an apple tree near by.

☞ There were 216 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 110 were adults and 97 children. There were 34 from consumption of the lungs; 8 from convulsions; 6 from diptheria; 6 from diarrhœa; 15 from debility; 14 from typhoid fever; 5 from inflammation of the lungs; 11 from marasmus, and 6 from gunshot wounds. Deaths and interments of soldiers in our city, 21.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

From the Army of the Potomac.

THE REBELS DISPERSED—GEN. PLEASONTON THREE MILES BEYOND UNION.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Nov. 2, 10 P. M.—To his Excellency the President.—I have just received a despatch from Gen. McClellan, dated at Snicker's Gap, 6 P. M., stating that he had full possession of the Gap.

When Gen. Hancock arrived there it was held by the enemy's cavalry, who were at once driven out. A column of from 5,000 to 6,000 rebel infantry advanced to retake it, but were dispersed by the fire of our rifled guns.

The position is a strong one from either side.

It is said that Jackson and O. P. Hill are in the valley opposite. General Pleasonton had driven the enemy's cavalry several miles beyond Union, at 3 o'clock P. M., exploding one of their caissons, and capturing ten of their wounded left behind. R. B. MARCY,
Chief of Staff.

News from the Rebel States.

KIRBY SMITH'S WAGON TRAIN.

The wagon train of supplies, brought out from Kentucky by General Kirby Smith, was forty miles long, and brings one million of yards of Kentucky Jeans, with a large amount of clothing, boots and shoes; two hundred wagon loads of bacon, six thousand barrels of pork, fifteen thousand mules and horses, eight thousand beeves, and a large lot of hogs.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Petersburg Express says:—"There are many considerations which make it necessary that the Government should take prompt and energetic measures to hold against the enemy the Eastern portion of North Carolina. The people of this section, already alarmed at the prospect of being overrun by the enemy, are said to distrust the intention of the Government to hold this country, and are making preparations to remove their slave property to safer quarters. The Neuse river is navigable at a high freshet for boats drawing four or five feet of water to Smithfield, within twenty miles of Raleigh. It would be improper to say what has already been done to close this and the Tar river."

The Case of the Ship Allegheny.

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 1.—The second mate and seven of the sailors from the ship Allegheny, which was recently burned at the mouth of the Rappahannock, arrived at Fortress Monroe to-day, from Yorktown, under arrest. The crew of the Allegheny numbered twenty men. These eight men were picked up by the U. S. gunboat Monticello and taken to Yorktown. We have learned nothing definite in regard to the destruction of this ship by fire; but the investigation which will probably be made, and the examination of these men now under arrest will no doubt throw the crime upon the right parties.

The Pirate Alabama.

BOSTON, Nov. 3.—The pirate Alabama was last seen at 10 o'clock on the evening of the 29th ult., in lat. 39, long. 69, steering northwest, under a full head of steam and sails, wind south.

The bark Lamplighter, which was among the vessels captured and burned by the pirate Alabama, was partly owned in Charleston and Savannah, by J. W. & W. A. Caldwell and J. J. Kelly.

The Philadelphia Sheriff Case.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 1.—In the case of Ewing *vs.* Thompson before the Supreme Court, in session here, the motion of the complainant has been decided in his favor.

Judge Strong orders "that complainant (Ewing), on giving security in the sum of $5,000, Thompson be enjoined from interfering with his enjoyment of the office of Sheriff, or disturbing complainant therein, until the hearing of the writ of *certiorari*, or further orders. It is ordered that the defendant (Thompson) have leave to move the Court on the 15th day of November, 1862, to quash the *certiorari*, on the plea of it having been issued without special cause previously shown; unless the plaintiff shall have shown sufficient cause on giving five days' notice."

The case will come up for argument in January next.

Arrest of Judge Orr, of Missouri.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 1.—Judge Sample Orr was arrested on Thursday, at Jefferson City, by order of Gen. Lane. The cause of the arrest was the delivery of a speech in which the proclamation of the President was declared to be unwise and uncalled for, and doubts were expressed as to the ability of the Administration to lawfully carry out its provisions.

Judge Lackland has been parolled, to enable him to attend court, in a perjury case, in which he is engaged as counsel.

The War in Missouri—Rebel Bands Routed

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 2.—Advices from the army in Southwest Missouri say that, after the recent success at Pitman's Ferry, Cols. Lazear and Dewey, with their forces combined, pushed on for Zollinger's Mills, five miles from Pocahontas, where they fought Burbridge, completely routing his force and capturing a large number of prisoners, including a large number of rebel officers.

A later despatch from Col Lazear says that he captured or dispersed 200 of Boone's command.

From New Orleans.

THE CAPTURE OF SABINE PASS CONFIRMED.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The steamers Matanzas and Creole have arrived from New Orleans.

The capture of Sabine Pass is confirmed. It was taken on Oct. 1st by the U. S. steamer Kensington, Capt. Crocker, and the schrs. Seaman and Jones. Capt. Crocker, with a small body of men, advanced into the country and defeated two bands of rebels. The result of his operations were the capture of one fort, two camps, thirty buildings, and ten rebel vessels, which were burned.

A Tragedy at Dayton, Ohio—Shooting of an Editor.

DAYTON, Nov. 1.—J. F. Bollmyer, editor of the Dayton Empire, was shot dead this morning by Henry M. Brown. The difficulty grew out of a personal misunderstanding, occasioned by the shooting of a dog, belonging to Mr. Bollmyer, by Brown's son. Brown gave himself up, and was sent to jail to await a trial.

Death of a Railroad Superintendent.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 2.—John O. Sterns, Superintendent of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, died suddenly, last night, of heart disease.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, November 3, 1862.

New York city just now is blessed with the presence of an unusual number of political celebrities, each and all engineering their respective "machines." In the first place, there are the rival candidates for Governor—Gen. Wadsworth and Horatio Seymour—making speeches here and there almost every night; then there is Cassius M. Clay, chopping logic with that green specimen of the "heels-ever-head Democracy"—George Francis Train—at the Academy of Music; while revolving around these are a great many lesser lights, including Sam Cox, of Ohio, and one or two politico-military gentlemen, who "have done the State some service in the field," and are now come home to see that "the regular nominations" are all right.

In the Supreme Court, on Saturday, Judge Barnard had under consideration two or three *habeas corpus* cases, that had been made returnable in the course of the day. The object of these writs was to secure a hearing to sundry soldiers, said to be illegally detained on Staten Island, in Duryea's regiment. The Colonel, it would appear, made no return, though a friend promised for him that the soldiers would be produced on Monday.

Judge Barnard was by no means pleased with this answer, and he did not scruple to say that, though he did not desire to meddle with military affairs, yet he was determined that the writ of *habeas corpus* should be enforced. The persons alluded to must be produced on Monday morning, or he would take the necessary steps to have the writ enforced. It was a mistake on the part of many to think the military power could set the civil authority at defiance thus. There was still power enough in this city to carry out the requirements of the civil law, and it should be enforced if he had to call upon the whole Democratic party for assistance. A lawyer in the case stated that the military officers in Richmond county were under the impression that the President had suspended the writ of habeas corpus. Judge B. said he had restored it here, and it would be doubly restored in this State on Tuesday next.

However one may respond to the Judge's solicitude for the maintenance of the habeas corpus, one cannot but condemn the bad taste which thus mixes up party politics with his law.

Another prize was brought in on Saturday, the brig Robert Bruce, of Bristol, England, in charge of Lt. Bunce, U. S. N., and a prize crew. She was captured October 22, off Shallat Inlet, North Carolina, by the United States gunboat Penobscot, while attempting to run the blockade at that place. She has a cargo of medicine and woollen goods. She run the blockade at Wilmington last December, taking in a cargo of arms and taking out a cargo of cotton. She measures one hundred and eighty-two tons, English measure, and is four years old, full rigged, and a fine vessel. Capt. Muir, the late captain, says she was from Hull, England, and bound to Halifax.

A spirited debate came off at the Cooper Institute, last Saturday, between "Young America" (Train) and Gen. Cassius M. Clay. The house was crowded by an appreciative audience, who entered heartily into the spirit and sentiments of the speakers. The question was the everlasting negro; and for upwards of three hours the subject was handled in a manner that has seldom been attempted in this city. The admission was 25 cents per head, and Train must have made a "good thing" out of it.

A horrible murder took place, last Friday, in a grog-shop, kept by a Thomas O'Brien, in the Bowery. It appears that a party entered the store and called for drinks, and shortly after a dispute commenced relative to the draft—while talking warmly, a pistol shot was heard, and one of the parties fell to the floor, dead, and the others immediately left the store. No clue has been found as yet as to the identity of the individual killed or the murderer.

Deaths in this city for the week ending Saturday last, 329, a decrease of 11 from the mortality of the week previous. Children under five years 15.

Four steamships sailed on Saturday last, viz: the Kangaroo, for Liverpool; Bavaria, for Southampton, Havre and Bremen; the North Star, for Aspinwall (with passengers and mails for Chilifornia); and the Bio Bio, for Havana and Key West. These vessels take an aggregate of about 200 passengers, among whom I see no notabilities worth mentioning.

The following is a comparative statement of the imports of foreign dry goods and general merchandise at the port of New York for the week ending Oct. 31, and since Jan. 1st:

For the week.	1860	1861.	1862.
Dry Goods,	$1,379,229	621,642	1,183,032
General Mdse.,	2 924,690	1,622,488	1,752,573
Total for the week	$4,303,959	2,244,130	2,905,575
Prev. reported,	196,851,784	106,909,611	149,016,475
Since January 1,	$200,755,743	$109,153 741	$151,922,050

COTTON is in fair demand. Some sales of middling Uplands were made at previous prices.

FLOUR.—The market for Western and State Flour is dull and heavy, and prices are in favor of buyers. Sales of 12,000 bbls. are reported, at $5 60@5 75 for superfine State and Western, $5 90@6 15 for extra State, $6 12@6 40 for the low grades of Western, and $6 50@6 90 for shipping brands of round-hoop extra Ohio. Southern flour is less active. 1000 bbls. changed hands, at $6 45@6 75 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $7 25@9 for the better kinds. Rye Flour is firmer. Some sales are reported at previous prices. Corn Meal is unchanged.

GRAIN.—The market for wheat is less active; 130,000 bushels were sold at $1 14 a 1 22 for Chicago spring, $1 23 a 1 28 for Milwaukie club, $1 32 a 1 38 for red winter Western, and $1 47 a 1 50 for white Michigan. Rye is in fair demand, at 76@80c. for Western and 81@90c. for State. Oats are unchanged. The market for corn continues steady; we hear of sales of 70,000 bushels, at 67 a 71c. for Eastern and 75 a 76c. for white Western.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Pork is unchanged; 1000 bbls. were sold at $12 a $12 13 for prime, and $12 87 a $13 for mess. Beef is selling at $10 a $10 75 for country mess, and $13 50 a $14 12 for extra mess. Lard is less active, 1000 packages are reported sold at 10 a 11 cts. Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

WHISKY.—The market continues unchanged; 700 bbls are reported sold at 36¾ a 37¼ cts.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday, as corrected by D. M. ROBINSON & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 South Third street, Philadelphia.

LOANS	Par	Bid	Ask
U States 6s '81	100	104¾	104¾
Treas N 7-30	100	105¾	105¾
Penna 6s	100	108	108¾
" 5s	100	95	95¾
" 5s cp	100	93	...
Philada 6s o	100	102	102¾
" R	100	102	102¾
" G Ln	100	101	...
" N Ln	100	106	106¾
" coup'n	100	...	97
" 5s	100	80	90
Pittsb'g 6s	100	...	...
" 6s R	100	...	...
Alleg City 6s	100	...	...
" co R	100	43¾	49
Camden 6s	100	...	...
Tenn 5s	100	...	...
Cincinna 6s	100	...	...
Missouri 6s	100	...	...
St Louis bds	100	...	...
BANKS.			
N Amer Bk	100	...	...
Philadelphia	100	115	...
Far & Mech	50	...	...
Commercial	50	49	...
N Liberties	50	...	27
Mechanics'	50	—	...
Southwark	50	—	...
Kensington	50	...	...
Penn Town	35	...	...
Girard	50	42	44
Western	50	65	...
Manu & Mec	25	25	25¾
Commerce	50	...	...
Tradesmen's	50	...	...
City	50	...	...
Consolidat'n	30	...	...
Commonw'lth	30	27¾	28
Corn Exc'ge	30	33	34
Union	40	31	...
Camden	50	34	35
" Far & M	100	...	...
Germant'n	50	...	...
Miner's Phila	50	...	...
Trenton B'k	50	...	...
Bk Pittsburg	50	...	...
Mer & Manu	50	...	...
Exchange	50	55	...
Kentucky	100	...	...
" North	100	80½	...
" South	100	85	...
Louisville	100	74½	...
Farmers'	100	...	...
Tenn Union	100	...	...
" Plants	100	...	...
INSUR CO'S.			
N America	10	18	19
Penns F & A	200	...	...
Life & Annuit	50	...	...
Girard L & T	25	...	...
Amer Fire	75	...	...
Penna M & N	100	259	...
Franklin	100	270	...
County	50	...	...
CANALS.			
Sch Nav shs	50	5	5¼
" prfd	50	14½	14¾
" ln qu '72	100	90	...
" loan '82	100	69¾	70
" loan bf '90	100	...	...
" imp't ln	100	77¾	80
" 1876	100	55	61
Leh Nav shs	50	30¾	31
" Scrip	50	30¾

…you cannot come
…the very highest avocation that
…get out of it at once; if it is not
…h for you, then away from it for-
…ou cannot honor a profession which
…tural calling of every man, one in
…e Almighty himself placed his own
…, and our first parents, in which great,
…nd wise men have ever been found, you
…be pitied, but cannot be permitted to re-
It is principally because we do not
…ciently honor it ourselves, that others re-
…to do it homage. Let this cause no longer
…ist. The man must honor the profession, not
…e profession the man. It requires that you
be *educated* men. It is time the silly and fatal idea that your profession does not demand education for its followers, should be utterly exploded, as indeed it is beginning to be. Strange indeed, if our profession is the only one in which ignorance alone is efficient, and thought uncalled for; when, as we have seen, it is the most useful and the most honorable. Apart from the intrinsic importance of education, there is no calling where its practical necessity is greater than here. Without education a man cannot think and reason systematically, and where a conclusion is false in agricultural reasoning it may involve much loss of time and labor. How can we analyze soils and grains? How breed and rear stock successfully? How know what to plant—when and how to plant it, and where, in short; how conduct with any tolerable success the various branches of our pursuit without thought—careful intelligent thought and reason? And how can we do any or all of these unless trained to reason and possessed of knowledge and facts and principles? The thing cannot be done. Then away with the notion that men of our class do not need to be educated, that our *profession* does not require it of them. It is a relic of barbarism, a pet theory of feudal aristocracy, used to oppress labor and sink it in the scale of respectability. The medical world must be educated and instructed in the art of healing, that the pangs of pain may be assuaged. The agricultural world ought to be educated and instructed in the science of agriculture that poverty may be lessened, the earth made to yield abundantly, and the pangs of hunger stayed. The lawyer is educated and trained in the law, that he may properly conduct a suit and help men out of difficulties—our class ought to be that they may shun not only suits but the cause of them.

We do not pretend to say how much education you should have, but this much we will say, that you cannot have too much, if it be of the right kind. It ought to be a substantial one, having reference especially to the necessities of your calling. It ought also to be such as would refine the manners, elevate the thoughts and enable you to discharge creditably all the high duties of life, both social, civil and religious. You will say, perhaps, that you cannot find time to educate yourselves. I doubt the correctness of this assertion, it needs proof. The writer is personally acquainted with many young men who have already wasted, in loitering or *loafing* about shops, stores and groceries, and in low and grovelling amusements, time enough in which, had it been carefully improved, to have acquired not only a thorough *English*, which is sufficient, but also a finished classical education. The trouble is, you do not improve your time. You attend too many parties. You *loaf* too much, I fear. How many nights are you away from home which you might better employ there in study, reflection, and in fitting yourselves better for your profession? Think of these things, gentlemen, now that the long nights of winter are here, and turn your precious leisure hours to some good account. The last requirement I shall mention, which is, in importance, the first and highest that this or any other profession demands, is that you be men—noble, upright honorable men. You are the coworkers of the *Almighty* in bringing forth from the great laboratory of Nature the bread of life—his assistance in the mighty work of providing food for the hungry nations of the earth—and by your hearty, diligent and intelligent co-operation, you can cause the land to bring forth abundantly, and as faithful sentinels guard our borders from the inroads of poverty, famine and death. You ought then to be noble, seeing that your work is such. Besides there can scarcely be a more unpleasant spectacle conceived than that of a bad, wicked or mean man out in the fields in company with the Creator himself, and that, too, as an assistant in the noblest avocation, the most philanthropic enterprise in which it is allowed man to engage. See to it, then, that you be worthy of your high vocation, your exalted Helper, your august Master.

New Athens, O., 1863. ONCE AND AWHILE.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS ON AGRICULTURE.

MORTIMER.—In 1706 Thomas Mortimer published his "Whole Art of Husbandry." This was a regular systematic work of considerable merit, but I have no particulars of it at hand, and have not time just now to hunt up any, and so I pass on—

TULL.—In 1733 Jethro Tull published his work entitled, "An Essay on Horse-hoeing Husbandry." Tull was a lawyer by profession, but he, from choice, as well as on account of ill health, abandoned the bar and devoted his life to agricultural pursuits. Tull wrote this work with all the enthusiasm that true genius imparts, and did wonders in it, when we consider that he had received no agricultural education, and knew nothing at all of chemistry. But a little observation in his travels in France and Italy, and a little experience, coupled with a very comprehensive and philosophic mind, enabled him to see and grasp many truths of agricultural interest, altogether unnoticed by common minds. Tull was the first systematic English writer who attempted to lay down fixed principles of farming, with the best ways and means then known of reducing said principles to practice. In a note to his preface in a new edition of his work published in 1740, Tull, in speaking of Red Clover and its value as a farm crop, says: "The sowing of *artificial grasses* was so long before it became common amongst farmers, that though Mr. Blythe wrote of it in Cromwell's time, yet, thirty years ago (1710) when any farmer in the county where I live was advised to *sow clover*, he was certain to say, 'gentlemen might sow it, if they please, but they (the farmers) *must take care to pay their rent*,' as if the sowing of clover would disable them from paying it. And now the case is so much altered that they cannot pretend to pay their rent *without* sowing it, though the profit of it is vastly less since it has become common than before, and the improvemen, after all, was no more than doing the same thing this side the water that was done before on the other." And in an edition of Tull's work, published after his death, the editor says: "What struck me most forcibly when I came to read Tull was that all that I had read before in *later* writers that had any principle in it, had been stolen from him. Born and bred amongst the affairs of gardening and farming, I had read a good deal about them, but till I read Tull I knew nothing of *the principles*." Tull's work was translated into French, by Du Hamel, of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, and Du Hamel afterwards published an elementary treatise of his own on husbandry, founded on the principles laid down by Tull. In fact, Tull's work was one of transcendent merit for its day. And although a considerable portion of it is now obsolete, owing to his own peculiar, erroneous views, yet very much of it remains unaltered to this day by the progress of discovery. (See 1 Morton's Cyclop. of Ag. 3 and 19, and Ency. Britan., 2 vol. page 260.) Now I wish some one would give us a like review of our oldest and best *German* works on agriculture. Come, you agricultural literati who read the "Dollar Newspaper," let us hear from you. WEST-BRANCH.

October, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RAISING WHITE BEANS.

During several years of my life, while residing on a farm, I was always careful to raise a supply of white beans for winter use; and nothing will repay the farmer better than the trouble of raising sufficient white beans for his family, as few persons can be found but what are fond of them, and if economy in living be the object desired this is one way by which it can be attained. I have raised the small bean, commonly known as the "Thousand to One." This is a very prolific bean, and I put the rows about two feet apart, and the beans four inches apart in the row; and thus from a pint-cup full planted, I raised three pecks. The ground was new and the soil a sandy loam. I have found that the larger the bean was that I planted the less was the yield in proportion to the quantity planted; and besides, the large beans are not so good when cooked as small ones. The kinds of which I am now speaking were dwarf beans. And here let me correct an erroneous idea that prevails, viz: that the poorer the land is, the better it is for beans. It is true they will grow on poor ground, but rich ground will yield a larger crop. I fully tested this matter in 1844, being then living on rich bottom land, and I was laughed at for being so foolish as to plant beans on a black mould more than a foot deep. I replied that I had no other land to plant them on, and beans I was determined to have. They grew luxuriantly and yielded more than I expected, and those who laughed at me were surprised at the result, and they as well as myself saw something to profit by. An easy method of raising running beans, practiced in some parts of our country, is to put two or three beans into each hill of corn at planting time—the cornstalks serving, instead of poles, for them to run on. In this way I have raised as many as I wanted for use; but I always found one serious drawback in this method, and that is, if it is found desirable to cut up the corn, the beans may not all be ripe, and this involves a sacrifice of one of the crops in question; besides, it is necessary to pick off the bean-pods by hand when gathered, so that it is doubtful if it is no much trouble to raise running beans in this manner, as it is to raise dwarf beans.

Here I will say a word to our farmers on the propriety of planting beans of one size only. Nearly every lot of beans offered for sale is composed of beans of several sizes, and when cooked the smaller ones will be soft before the larger ones are. Such beans are in no way desirable, and are not worth so much as those which are all of one size. So far as my experience of twenty years goes, I would prefer raising the small dwarf bean to any other kind. The rows may be about two feet apart, and the beans planted about four inches apart in the row; the ground to be kept clear of weeds and moderately loosened at least twice in the season. If the soil is moderately rich it will be no disadvantage to the crop, and a sandy loam I consider preferable to any other kind of soil.

J. G.

HOW TO MANAGE FRUIT SEEDS.

The seeds of most kinds of fruit trees should be planted in the autumn.

The seeds of stone fruit—peach, plum and cherry—should be cleansed from the pulp as soon as ripe, and either planted or put into sand immediately. If seeds are left in the pulp until after fermentation has commenced, their vitality will be injured, if not destroyed. So, too, if permitted to remain out of the ground all winter and become dry, they do not start so readily as if planted in the autumn.

Cherry pits are sometimes put into a box and mixed with sand, and placed where the frost of winter will act upon them, and then planted in the spring. I do not like this plan, because the seeds start very early, sometimes before it is convenient to plant them. The little plants are very tender, and so easily injured that many are destroyed by the removal from the sand to the seed-bed. The safest way is to prepare the seed-bed early in the autumn, scatter the seeds in rows upon the surface, covering lightly with earth, and leaving spaces between the rows for the purpose of passing along to weed the bed. The rows may be six inches or a foot wide. Some people sow broadcast, leaving no spaces, but in that case, if the bed is a large one, the process of weeding will be somewhat tedious, and many plants will be trampled upon and destroyed. At one year old, many of the seedlings will be of a suitable size to transplant to the nursery rows for budding.

Plum pits may be treated the same as the cherry.

Peach pits are sometimes left in barrels over winter, cracked in the spring and planted in the nursery rows. This is not a good plan. Prepare a piece of ground in the autumn, scatter the pits upon the surface, cover slightly with earth and the frost of winter will crack them. By the middle of May the plants will be coming up; they must then be taken up carefully, with a transplanting trowel and set in the nursery rows. The rows four feet apart, and the plants about nine inches apart in the row. By this method, the trouble and exposure of *cracking* by hand are saved; the rows are full, and there are no gaps, where the seeds refuse to vegetate, as is often the case where the stones are cracked by hand in the spring and the seeds planted in the nursery rows. Peach stocks should be budded the first year.

The Working Farmer suggests an improvement in the mode of planting the peach, founded on the natural planting, which occurs when the fruit dries up and decays on the tree, and the pit afterwards falls, planting itself in the soil.

"The pits, *uncracked*, should be put out in the autumn, in rows two feet apart, and one foot or more apart in the rows—each pit forced into the ground, point downward, so that the wide or spongy end shall be upward. During the winter, this spongy end will receive moisture and when frozen will split the shell, permitting the kernel to germinate in the spring in precisely the right position. For if the pit should lie on its side, it will be likely to produce a diseased tree with the cotyledons below the surface of the soil. It is well known that the germ is in the upper end of the pit, and the tree, when formed, can only be straight when the pit stands erect to germinate; otherwise the parts below the surface of the ground will be crooked, and if split when one year old, the pith will be found to have changed color just below the earth-color. If any of the pits should fail to germinate the rows may be filled up by transplanting. By this mode the nursery rows will be formed at the outset, and the plants will be ready for budding in due season."

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

A YANKEE PUMPKIN PIE.—It is sometimes said that it takes a Yankee to make a good pumpkin pie, and, as I find that they are so differently made in these parts, I will tell your lady readers how the Yankees do make them:—Stew the pumpkins as long as possible, until the juice is all dried up; strain through a culender, and add milk and cream to a proper consistency; sweeten with loaf sugar and half molasses; add a little ginger; eggs are useless; flour makes them pasty, and straining the juice off and throwing it away takes off all the sweetest part of the pumpkin.—*Orange Journal*.

THE WAY TO MAKE AN OMELET.—It is surprising that a dish so easily prepared and so delicious as omelet has come into use to so small an extent in this country; there are extensive districts where it has never been heard of, and many housekeepers who meet with it in travels never have it upon their own tables, because their cooks do not know how to prepare it. Omelet is simply egg beaten and fried in butter. Break three fresh eggs into a bowl, add a little pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of water, and beat the eggs thoroughly. Then put a tablespoonful of good butter into a flat frying pan, and hold the pan over the fire, with the handle a little elevated, so as to incline the bottom at a small angle. As soon as the pan is warm pour in the eggs, and as the mass begins to cook, run a knife under it to keep it from burning to the pan. As soon as the surface is about dry, fold one half of the omelet over the other, and it is ready to serve. It can be made in five minutes, and is an exceedingly delicate and delicious morsel.

EGG PLANT MADE PALATABLE.—Cut in thin slices; dip these in (hen's) eggs beaten; sprinkle on powdered cracker, and fry with as little grease as possible.

GOOD TEA BISCUIT WITHOUT MILK.—Mix and sift well together, 1 quart flour, 1 teaspoonful soda and 2 of cream of tartar, with salt to taste. Use butter the size of an egg, and water only to mix it of proper consistence.

TROUT.—Trout are good boiled, broiled, or fried. They are also good stewed a few minutes with bits of salt pork, butter, and a little water. Trout, as well as all other kinds of fresh water fish, are apt to have an earthy taste. To remove it soak them in salt and water a few minutes, immediately after they are cleaned. Try it.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CARROTS.

We know of no esculent root that contains so many excellent qualities and raised with as little labor as the carrot. While the potato suffers from the dreadful rot, the carrot remains unharmed, for which I have found it to be an excellent substitute and, instead of being of inferior qualities, it certainly far exceeds it. The mode of cultivating it is: First be careful in the selection of the seed, as there are several different varieties, all varying in their degree of super-excellence. The large German variety is by far the best, either for the table or for stock. Choose light loam or dry, sandy soil well manured, and, if possible, plow ten inches deep and subsoil. This will increase your crop at least one third. Having the ground well prepared with a smooth surface, you can sow the seed about as thick as you would turnip seed; then, after they come up, thin where they are too thick, and keep down the weeds. My favorite method is to plant in rows twelve inches apart, and hoe them well. They should be planted just as soon as the weather will permit in the spring, and you can gather as you need them. A hard freeze is always necessary to give them a fine flavor, and the longer they remain in the ground the better will be their taste. Upwards of five hundred bushels can easily be raised on one acre of ground, if rightly cultivated. And in feeding stock it will go as far as that many busbels of potatoes or corn. There is nothing like it for fattening cattle, and horses eat them with great avidity, but they should not be fed on them alone, as they are of too cleansing a nature. Farmers, try them, and let us hear the result. J. N. H.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

TOBACCO.—*Hopewell, Iowa.*—In the "Dollar Newspaper," for October 1, an inquiry is made concerning the cultivation of tobacco. I will just state that after the plants blossom you must cut the blossoms off, and if there should be any suckers they must all be pulled off. When your tobacco is ripe enough to cure, you pull the leaves off, taking care to keep the best and soundest leaves by themselves, making two piles, one No. 1, the other No 2, after which you can hang it up in some dry place. Let it hang a week or ten days, and then take it down and pack it in a tight box. If the tobacco is for pressing, it would be well to boil the stems and sprikle the leaves with the oil; but if you wish to use it for smoking, it is best without. The pressing operation I am not well enough acquainted with to give any information, but would like to have some one inform me.

GILL BATES.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

MAKING PORK.

"Progress," in the "Dollar Newspaper," September 10th, gives good views in regard to making pork. My method is somewhat like his. My pigs have a large range of pasture, wherein is water. The house slop and refuse milk hold them steadily in good order. In the fall I add some chopped grain to their slop, then a little corn often, without keeping them confined, and they soon fattened. J. G.

Crawford County, Pa., 1862.

OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

All in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Sucked the green warmth of the sod;
O beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled;
And crown of all things was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom,
Our bud of beauty grew;
It fed on smiles for sunshine;
On tears for dainter dew:
Ave nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled.
So close and close, about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
Our house of life she filled—
Revealed each hour some fairy tower
Where winged hopes might build!
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world,

But evermore the halo
Of Angel-light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight
That folds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow silently
Our darling bud up-curled,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom;
Our life was but in Spring;
When down the solemn midnight
We hear the spirits sing—
"Another bud of infancy
With holy dews impearled!"
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light oh shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge,
In other springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfurled,
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

THE REBELLION.

GEN. BUELL'S CAMPAIGN.

THE MARCH THROUGH KENTUCKY.

THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

[Correspondence of Cincinnati Commercial.]

MOUNT VERNON, KY., Friday, Oct. 17, 1862.

Gen. Buell's campaign in Kentucky is at an end. Bragg and all his forces are beyond the reach of the Army of the Ohio—ere this, doubtless, safely quartered on the other side of the Cumberland Mountains. If Gen. Buell's late mission was simply to drive the rebels from this State, and thus in a measure redeem the fatal error of Gen. Manson at Richmond, on the 30th of August, then he has accomplished all that was intended; if, however, it was expected of him to defeat or destroy the invading army, there is little to compensate the Union troops for the privations and sufferings they have undergone since they left Louisville on the 1st day of October. The campaign has been a brief one, but sleepless nights, long marches, and want of shelter have rendered it fatiguing and wearisome.

When our army left Louisville, the pickets of the rebels were within six miles of the city, though the main body was between twenty and thirty miles distant. Federal pickets are seldom thrown out more than two miles beyond their camps, but the rebel Generals find it expedient to throw scouts and advance-guards as far as thirty miles ahead. By this means they are speedily apprised of any aggressive movement on our part, and usually have abundance of time to make the necessary preparations for retreat or defence. Bragg's videttes fell back gradually as Buell's forces approached them; a few of them acted as couriers, and arrived at the rebel headquarters on the night of the 1st, with full particulars of our numbers, the names of our commanders, and the routes being taken by the different corps of our army. Bragg had gone to Lexington, leaving Gen. Polk in command at Bardstown. Polk, on receiving news of our advance, despatched couriers to Lexington, Frankfort, and other points, so that, before the morning of the 2d, every rebel General in Kentucky was informed of our movements.

It was Gen. Buell's belief when he left Louisville, that Bragg would give him a battle at Bardstown, and the statements of a few prisoners taken on the first evening of our march, confirmed him in it. From all I can learn, I feel confident that it was Bragg's original intention to form a junction with Kirby Smith, and make a stand at Lexington or Danville. He learned in time, however, that Buell's army had been largely increased in effective force, and determined to avoid a collision with it.

The last of the rebel infantry left Bardstown on the night of the 3d, or very early on the morning of the 4th. The order to vacate the place came from Bragg's headquarters at Lexington, on the night of the 2d, taking the rebel troops very much by surprise. A strong rear-guard of cavalry, under Gen. Wharton, was left behind, with strict orders to keep Buell's forces out of Bardstown until the evening of the 4th, even at the sacrifice of every man in the command. The object of this was to give the rebel wagon-train time to get fifteen or twenty miles ahead of the Union forces, to prevent its capture by a sudden dash of our cavalry. Wharton astonished his men near the Bardstown Fair-ground, and rushed upon our advance guard on the afternoon of the 4th. We did not enter Bardstown until the time speci fied by Gen. Bragg—not because of Wharton's determined resistance, but because Gen. Buell had changed the route of Crittenden's corps in the morning, and instead of permitting it to go direct to Bardstown, where it would have arrived in time to capture thousands of fleeing rebels, and secure their train, he ordered it to march on the Bloomfield road. The result of the day's strategy was, that we kept General Bragg's appointment, arriving in the town just at sunset. Thus, the first chance for striking a blow at the enemy was lost.

The rebels having left Bardstown, there was no necessity for a concentration of our forces in that vicinity. Accordingly, Crittenden's corps only entered the place. McCook and Gilbert kept on toward Springfield, retaining the position on the left and centre. Crittenden's corps left Bardstown early on the morning of the 5th. It was now thought that the rebels might stand at Danville, if hardly pressed. The pursuit was vigorous, but the flight was rapid. I have never seen troops more willing to accept hardships and privations for a patriotic purpose than our men appeared to be, in the hope before them of battling with the foe. Men who had been assigned to the hospitals and ambulances left their sick beds to shoulder their muskets, and marched uncomplainingly from early dawn until midnight, frequently suffering from hunger and thirst.

The next event of the campaign was the battle of Perryville. Facts and figures concerning this engagement have been given to the public, with little regard to truth in many cases. The Louisville papers have seen in the battle the glorious development of one of Gen. Buell's best laid plans. From the tone of the Journal, I judge that had we been completely routed on the 5th, they would have pronounced it a trap to catch the Rebels at some distant day. So far from being the development of Buell's plan, the battle of Perryville was the frustration of them. It was reported at headquarters on the 7th that the enemy was in force at Perryville. The three army corps were then marching on that place by different roads. General Buell determined to surround and take the rebels, if possible, and ordered all the divisions to march without delay, leaving their transportation behind.

McCook and Gilbert continued their march, but Crittenden's corps lost half a day on a circuitous route to obtain water. It was not Gen. Buell's intention that McCook should attack the rebels, or that McCook and Gilbert should do so, but that the entire army should participate in the fight. But Bragg was too quick for him. He heard first that the Union forces were about to overwhelm him unitedly, and immediately began his retreat for Perryville. He afterward learned that McCook and Gilbert were on the road, and that Crittenden was not within supporting distance. Here, then, was a chance for him to make a dash upon two corps, defeat them if possible, and afterward fall upon the third—if not, to get away before the arrival of the third. Hardee's corps had retreated six miles, when it was ordered back to Perryville on the double-quick. McCook found himself in front of the rebel line of battle, with his men marching in column—no skirmishers out—nothing in front but a small advance guard, which foolishly attempted an attack upon the rebel videttes. The rebel infantry rushed upon McCook, and a division of green troops had to be formed in line of battle under a heavy fire. The natural result was a stampede.

The moon never shone more brightly that on the night of the 8th. The rebels were in Perryville up to 10 o'clock. There was not a division commander in the army who did not expect to advance on the enemy before morning. Everything was ready—all our lines formed, and all our artillery on the ground. The rebel force was divided. Gen. Sill was between Kirby Smith and Perryville. The defeat of Hardee, Buckner, and Cheatham, would have proved an easy task for the Army of the Ohio. But no advance was made. We waited for daylight, but the rebels did not. Some of our men, from one of the hills surrounding the town, witnessed the evacuation, and yet it was noon of the 9th before Gen. Buell ascertained that there was no enemy in front. The rebels of course claim a victory at Perryville, but I cannot see in what their triumph consisted. The battle was more barren of results to both parties than any engagement that has yet occurred in the Southwest. I do not think either Buell or Bragg would fight another such battle, knowing similar results to await it.

Our troops returned to Perryville on the evening of the 9th. It was now the general belief among officers of the army and citizens of the surrounding country, that the rebels had retreated to camp Dick Robinson, to make a desperate and determined resistance there.

Our spies reported up to the 12th that there was no indication of a removal of the immense train of spoils from the camp; but that, on the contrary, winter quarters were being constructed, batteries planted and fortifications erected to make the stay of the rebels as permanent as possible.

The wary rebel General had learned what Buell's plan was, and the only way to frustrate it was for him to strike tents and commence his retreat toward Cumberland Gap. On the night of the 11th the evacuation of the chosen stronghold began. Two lines of retreat were open to Bragg, both leading to Cumberland Gap—the one via Richmond and Big Hill, through Madison county, the other the Crab Orchard road, via Mount Vernon and Barboursville. The two roads converge at Pitman's Junction, twenty-two miles from Mount Vernon, where we are at present encamped, and fifty eight miles from Cumberland Gap. Bragg's only hope of escape was to get away before Buell could send a force to Lancaster to head him off. The rebel plunder-train numbered over 4000 heavily-laden wagons (a majority of which were captured from our forces in this State and Tennessee), several thousand beef cattle, 1000 mules and 2000 sheep. To get away with all this, and 80,000 men, under the eyes of the great army of the Ohio, was an undertaking which few would have attempted; but Bragg has made the effort, and, so far, has been successful.

While we were lying at Danville, Gen. Buell received the intelligence of Bragg's departure from Camp Dick Robinson. He was surprised to learn that the rebels were leaving their comfortable winter-quarters in progress of erection and abandoning the strong natural fortifications behind which they had sought shelter from our guns; probably he began to think that the preparations for a long stay were but an outward semblance to deceive him into a belief that his prey was secure, and that he had abundance of time to mature his plans. But now the old bird was forsaking the nest, and all exertions must be bent on taking him on the wing.

At midnight on the 12th, while we were all enjoying a slumber, doubly sweet after tiresome marches by night and day, a courier came dashing into camp from Gen. Buell's headquarters at Perryville, with an order for an immediate advance of the army. Transportation of all kinds was ordered to remain behind, nothing but ambulances to accompany the troops. By 1 o'clock, A. M., we were on the road, making our way, by dim moonlight, to the retreating foe—then supposed to be passing through Stanford, a town distant nine miles from Danville. The march was a rapid one, but we arrived just in time to see the rear of the rear guard passing along unmolested. Our cavalry and artillery were brought into requisition. The rebels, though few in numbers, determined to amuse us and themselves, for a while, by the exchange of a few shots. They had a couple of howitzers, drawn by one mule each, and collectively known as the Jackass Battery, and about two regiments of cavalry, including the invincible Texas Rangers. With these their aim was to detain our army, while theirs pursued the even tenor of its way toward Cumberland Gap.

And right well did they accomplish their object. Familiar with the topography of the country, and taking advantage of it whenever favorable to them, they kept our entire force at bay until late in the afternoon, when, fully satisfied with what they had done, they continued their course toward Crab Orchard.

On the afternoon of the 13th, Gen. Buell sent word from his head-quarters at Perryville, that the rebels were retreating on the road leading from Stanford, ordering Crittenden's corps to press them hard, and, if possible, to bring them to battle. The troops were upon the road between Stanford and Danville. In General Smith's Division rations were being issued to the men. The roads were completely blockaded—the rapid advance could not be made. The bird had flown, and the first effort to "to take him on the wing" had failed. It appeared to me that leaving the Lancaster road open, Bragg's retreat might have been a strategic movement to decoy the rebels into some other trap. This is the only way I could account for the escape, and, at the same time, believe Buell was a General. Other traps may have been set, but Bragg has stubbornly kept out of them thus far. And now, for the first time since we left Louisville, I saw indications of discouragement and disheartening on the part of our officers.

Whatever may have been their opinions about Buell's march through Tennessee and Kentucky, and his administration of affairs until his arrival in Louisville, all seemed to have confidence in his skill and ability. When he again moved toward the enemy at the head of a reorganized and greatly increased force, and after the War Department had left him in command simply to redeem his character as a man worthy the leadership of a great army. But the belief had taken root in the minds of many officers whose opinions are entitled to consideration, that the enemy had been permitted to make good his retreat, and it became quite apparent that confidence in Buell's ability was on the wane. We scanned the State map in vain to find a point at which Bragg might be overtaken. We heard of a force coming in behind the rebels from Cincinnati. But what was the use of coming in behind a retreating army! Buell's force was already in that position, and the trouble was that it seemed impossible for them to get ahead of the rebels. We had left Louisville with the impression that Buell would present to Gen. Bragg the alternative to fight or surrender, but the indefatigable Southerner had refused to do either.

We encamped at Stanford on the evening of the 13th. The inhabitants of the town gave the Union advance a cordial welcome with waving banners and pleasant smiles.

On the morning of the 14th we were again on the march. The distance from Stanford to Crab Orchard is but ten miles, and we were not long in making it. When near the town the rebel rear guard again made its appearance in battle array. They had taken possession of a couple of hills, and were in good position to make a formidable resistance for a short time. Of course our entire column had to halt. Our artillery had to be brought in position, a line of battle had to be formed, a reconnoissance had to be made, an advance of skirmishers thrown out, and several details attended to as delayed us for several hours. During this time Bragg's army was in full and unimpeded retreat. The same old story—the rear guard, after having kept us back as long as was consistent with their own safety, left in haste. We captured two of their howitzers—the only spoils of war that have fallen into our hands since our departure from Louisville. Another day's march found us at Mount Vernon, the county seat of Rockcastle county. We arrived day before yesterday, and have remained here since. Yesterday we were ordered to continue our march toward the Gap, but after proceeding a few miles, General Buell's division was ordered to halt. The divisions under Generals Vancleave and Smith went on.

It is not probable that the entire army of the Ohio will march to the mountains, now that there is no possibility of meeting the enemy in Kentucky. On the hills and in the defiles between here and the State border, 10,000 men can do as much as 40,000 in resisting an enemy. Gen. McCook's corps, and a part of Gen. Gilbert's, are at Crab Orchard, and all the cavalry has been ordered to the rear, from the impracticability of obtaining forage in the mountain district.

Generals Bragg and Polk passed the night of the 14th, in Mount Vernon, at the houses of personal friends. In conversing about war matters, they expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with their success in Kentucky, so far as obtaining supplies was concerned.

The rebels, on the night of the 14th, seized every available wagon they could find in Rockcastle County, and used them in cutting down trees, so as to impede the progress of the Union forces through the mountain country. In places beyond London there are narrow roads for miles, with steep mountains, thickly wooded on both sides. These roads can be rendered almost impassable in a short time, by simply cutting down the timber here and there, and letting it lie where it falls.

It is evidently the programme of the rebels now to make an attempt to take Nashville, by a union of the forces of Ex-Governor Harris with those of Bragg and Smith. It will require a rapid movement of Buell's army to checkmate them.

A WIFE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The following extract from a letter, dated at Corinth on the 6th instant, has been communicated to the New York Evening Post for publication. It vividly portrays the fearful emotions and anxious thoughts which torture the mind of an observer during the progress of battle, and narrates but one of the many harrowing scenes of war which, if described, would seem "stranger than fiction:"

"Oh, my friend! how can I tell you of the tortures that have nearly crazed me for the last three days! Pen is powerless to trace, words weak to convey one tittle of the misery I have endured. I thought myself strong before. I have seen so much of suffering that I thought my nerves had grown steady, and I could bear anything; but to-day I am weak and trembling like a frightened child.

"But do not wonder at it. My dear husband lies beside me, wounded unto death, perhaps. I have lost all hope of saving him, though I thank God for the privilege of being this moment beside him. And besides this, all around me the sufferers lie moaning in agony. There has been little time to tend them, poor fellows. True, the surgeons are busy all the time, but all the wounded have not yet been brought in, and it seems as if the time will never come when our brave men shall have been made comfortable as circumstances may permit. It is awful to look around me. I can see every imaginable form of suffering, and yet am helpless to aid them any of consequence.

"Since night before last I have not left my husband's side for a moment, except to get such things as I required, or to hand some poor fellow a cup of water. Even as I write, my heart throbs achingly to hear the deep groans and sharp cries about me. I, a sleeping, and I dare not close my eyes lest he should die while I sleep. And it is to keep awake, and in a manner relieve my over-burdened heart, that I am writing to you now under such sad auspices.

"On the morning of the 3d instant the fight began. The attack was made on Gen. McArthur's division, and we could plainly hear the roar of the artillery here, as it is about two miles and a half distance only from this place. Oh, the fearful agony of that awful, awful day! I had seen F., a moment early in the morning, but it was only a moment, when he bade me goodbye, saying hurriedly, as he tore himself away: 'Pray for me, my wife; and if I fall, God protect you!' There was something in his look and tone which struck a chill to my heart, and every moment after I knew the fight had begun I felt as if he had indeed fallen. I cannot tell how long it was before I heard that Oglesby's brigade was engaged, but it seemed an age to me. After that my agony was nearly intolerable. I never had a thought of fear for myself; I was thinking only of F. Then I got the word that he had been hotly pursued by the rebels and had fallen back.

"Late in the afternoon I succeeded in gaining a little intelligible information. Poor General Hackleman was shot through the neck while giving a command, and fell mortally wounded. He died between 10 and 11 o'clock the same night. I have since learned. Up to the time of receiving the wound he had acted with the greatest bravery and enthusiasm, tempered by a coolness that made every action effective. When dusk at last put an end to the first day's conflict I learned that Gen. Oglesby had been dangerously wounded, but could gain no intelligence of my husband. I could not bear the suspense. Dark as it was, and hopeless as it seemed to search for him then, I started out to the battle-field.

"Oh, *how* shall I describe the search of that night! It looked like madness. It *was* madness. But all night long I straggled amongst bleeding corpses, over dead horses, trampled limbs, shattered artillery—everything that goes to make up the horror of a battle-field when the conflict is over. They were removing the wounded all night. Oh, think how awful to stumble over the dead and hear the cries of the wounded and dying alone, and in the night time. I had to start off alone, else they would not have let me go.

"As you may suppose I could not find him, either amongst the living or the dead. But the next morning, just after sunrise, I came to a little clump of timbers where a horse had fallen—his head shot off and his body half covering a man whom I supposed dead. His face was to the ground, but as I stooped to look closer, I perceived a faint movement of the body, then heard a faint moan. I stooped and turned the face upward. The head and the face were both covered with blood, but when I turned it to the light I knew it in spite of its disfiguration. Oh God, the agony of that moment sickened me almost to suffocation. With a strength I thought impossible in me, I drew him, crushed and bleeding, from beneath the carcass of our poor old horse, whom we had both so loved and petted, and dipping my handkerchief in a little pool of water amongst the bushes, bathed his face and pressed some moisture between his parched, swollen lips. He was utterly insensible, and there was a dreadful wound in his head. Both limbs were crushed hopelessly beneath the horse. He was utterly beyond the reach of human skill to save, but as soon as possible I had him conveyed to the hospital. I have nursed him ever since, hopelessly and with a heart breaking with grief. Oh! how many wives, how many mothers, are to-day mourning the dead and dying, even as I mourn my dying! He has not opened his eyes to look at or spoken to me since he fell. Oh! could he but speak to me once before he dies, I should give him up with more resignation. But to die thus—without a look or word! Oh, my heart is breaking!"

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

On the second day of the battle of Corinth, Mrs. Wilson and her daughter, who resides in a cottage just behind Battery Richardson, discovered that they were in about as hot a place as could be found, fled from their dwelling and dropped down into a thirty foot well, the storm of lead and iron whizzing harmlessly above them. But in the midst of the battle a horse, which fled frantically over the field, attempted to leap across the mouth of the well, but struck the windlass and his hindquarters fell into the orifice. The poor women expected to be crushed. The horse struggled furiously with his fore feet, and the women waited their fate in horror. At last, however, the horse by desperate efforts extricated himself, and they were saved.

AN UNAVAILING FLAG OF TRUCE.

"Poney" Grove is a soldier in the 37th Ohio. He is thus nicknamed because he is the biggest "infant" in the regiment. At the battle of Corinth, while the enemy were flying from Battery Robinett, "Poney" observed a reb moving to the rear waving a handkerchief as a flag of truce. "Poney" drew a bead upon him and, firing brought him down. Upon proceeding to his victim he found he was mortally wounded. "Wal," said "Poney," jamming the butt of his piece on the ground and leaning forward upon it, "you was a pretty fool for runnin', wasn't you? What was you doin' with that white rag skeddadlin' that way? You might o' know'd I'd a dropped you. Why did'nt you come in, then you'd a been safe." The poor fellow confessed that "perhaps he was wrong; he was sorry he did't come in." "Poney" was very kind to him, but 'twas no use. He died.

HORRORS OF THE FIELD.

The mats of hair about the battle-field of Corinth presented a most forbidding spectacle. The spots where men fell were saturated with blood, and to-day you can distinctly discern the exact position where many died by their hair. It was impossible to bury all the dead within two days. During that period their bodies were horribly swollen, and when the burying parties took them up for interment, every particle of hair fell from their heads in a mass, and spread out upon the ground like circular mats.

POPE'S FALL PREDICTED.

A graphic story is related about Gen. Pope. He was very familiar with one of the officers on his staff, when he had a command in the West. When General Pope was starting for Washington to take command of the army of Virginia, he sent one of his staff back for something he had left at his old head-quarters. This officer met Pope's friend, and after saying good-bye, he rode away. Pope's friend halled him before he got out of hearing. He dashed back at a gallop, and asked what was wanted. "Give my compliments to Pope, and tell him 'he's a fool; his grave is dug,'" was the reply.

QUEER GUARDS AT WORK.

When Gen. Sill's division left Frankfort, the last thing they did was to remove the two monster cannon from their position on the hills over South Frankfort. Some Union men of Frankfort, during the night, went over to the spot and planted two empty beer kegs in the place of the cannon, and covered them with a tarpaulin. All next day a lot of Morgan's cavalry were scouting around the kegs, but dared not enter Frankfort for fear of being charged upon. On Wednesday night "our forces" abandoned the kegs, when they made a bold and daring charge on the "unpainted beer keg battery," and captured it without the loss of a man. The captain acknowledged that he had been "sold by the Yanks," and it was not until then that they were aware of the fact that Gen. Sill's whole corps had left Frankfort. But Gen. Dumont's forces soon let them know that it was not the "battle of the kegs" when he attacked them. It was these men and the two empty beer kegs that kept the rebels from burning all the bridges around Frankfort.

A LIVE YANKEE IN CHINA.

Some months ago a brief notice was given in this paper of an American, named Frederick Ward, who, by his daring, added to a stroke of good luck, had raised himself high in the list of Chinese Mandarins. A Shanghae letter in the New York Herald gives a full and interesting account of this character, and of the means through which he attained his dignity and his fortune—estimated to be immensely large—from which we take a few extracts:

"Two or three years